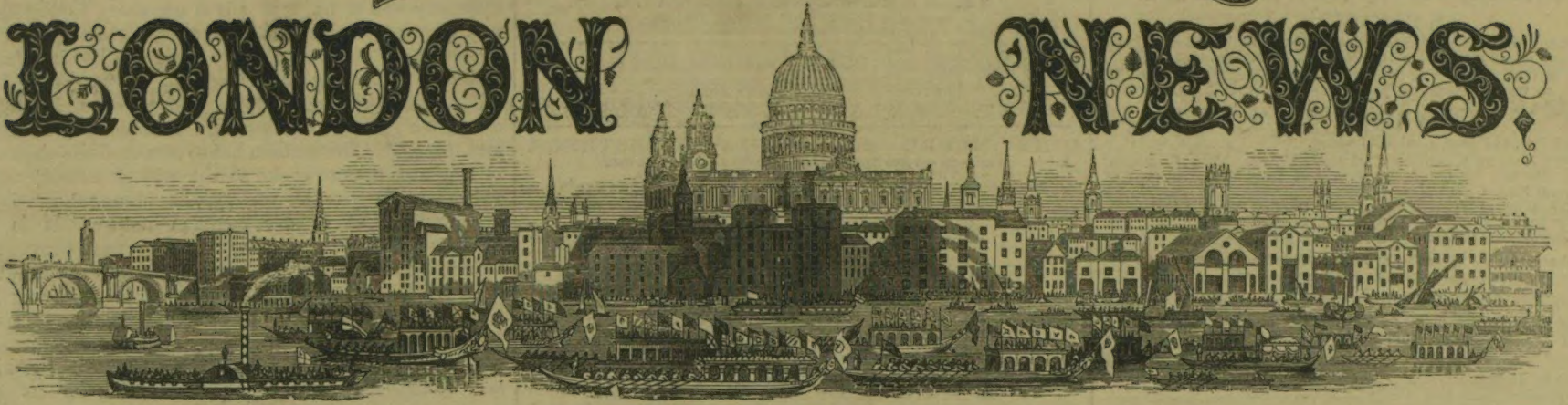


THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS



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Nos. 1789, 1790.—VOL. LXIII.

SATURDAY, DEC. 13, 1873.

CHRISTMAS DOUBLE NUMBER { ONE SHILLING.
AND COLOURED PICTURE { BY POST, 1s. 4d.



"MY FIRST CHRISTMAS."—DRAWN BY A. HUNT.

BIRTHS.

On the 6th inst., at Croxdale Hall, Durham, the wife of John Rogerson, Esq., of a daughter.
On Nov. 24, at Brooklyn, U.S.A., the wife of S. Romney Anderson, of a daughter.
On the 7th inst., at Gishburne, near Liverpool, the wife of Francis Burton Owen Cole, Esq., formerly of the 7th (Royal) Fusiliers, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

On the 10th inst., at Kimbolton Castle, the Duke of Hamilton to Lady Mary Montagu, eldest daughter of the Duke of Manchester.
On the 6th inst., at the Pro-Cathedral, South Kensington, Henry E. Bertin, Esq., to Georgina Adeline, youngest daughter of the Baron and Baroness d'Este, of Paris.

DEATHS.

On the 7th inst. at Dover, Lord Athlumney.
On the 7th inst., at 6, Clifton Park-road, Clifton, Mary Elizabeth, daughter of the late George Meares, Esq., and Lady Mary, daughter of Edward, second Earl of Kingston.
On the 5th inst., at Newport House, near Exeter, Devon, Lieutenant-General W. J. D'Urban, Colonel H.M. 107th Regiment, son of the late Lieutenant-General Sir Benjamin D'Urban, G.C.B., &c., aged 70.

* * The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths is Five Shillings for each announcement.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 20.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 14.		Dr. B. Behr's lecture on German Literature, Willis's Rooms, 8 p.m.	
Third Sunday in Advent.		WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 17.	
St. Paul's Cathedral, 10.30 a.m., the Rev. Prebendary J. E. Kempe, Rector of St. James's, Piccadilly; 3.15 p.m., the Rev. Canon Liddon; 7 p.m., the Rev. W. J. Butler, Vicar of Wantage.		Ember week. Oxford Michaelmas Term ends. Meteorological Society, 7 p.m. London Institution, 7 p.m. (Professor Ella on Music). Royal Society of Literature, 8 p.m. (Mr. W. De Gray Birch on the Great Seal of King Stephen). St. George's Hall, musical evening, 8 p.m. Geological Society, 8 p.m. South Kensington Museum, 2.30 p.m. (Professor Duncan on Geology). Society of Arts, 8 p.m. (Mr. John A. Bower on Whitby Jet and its Manufacture). North British Columbian Society's Exhibition, Glasgow (three days). Temple Church, special service, 8 p.m.	
Westminster Abbey, 11 a.m., consecration of the Bishop of Ely (sermon by the Rev. Archdeacon Pott); 3 p.m., the Rev. Canon Conway. St. James's, noon, the Rev. Canon Prothero. Whitehall, 11 a.m. and 3 p.m., the Rev. Josiah B. Pearson. Chapel Royal Savoy, 11.30 a.m. and 7 p.m. Temple Church, 11 a.m., probably the Rev. Dr. Vaughan, Master of the Temple; 3 p.m., the Rev. Alfred Ainger, Reader at the Temple. French Anglican Church of St. John ("La Savoy"), Bloomsbury-street, services in French, 11 a.m. and 3.30 p.m., by the Rev. F. B. W. Bouverie, Incumbent.		THURSDAY, DECEMBER 18.	
MONDAY, DECEMBER 15.		Foundation of building for National Training School for Music to be laid by the Duke of Edinburgh. Conversations of Society of Arts in Albert Hall, evening. Lewes and County of Sussex Annual Exhibition of Cattle, Poultry, &c. (two days). Chemical Society, 8 p.m. (Dr. Gladstone and Mr. Tribe on the Action of the Copper-Zinc Couple on Organic Bodies: Papers by Dr. Schenk and Mr. Chandler Roberts). Numismatic Society, 7 p.m. East India Association, at Society of Arts, 8 p.m. (Mr. W. Taylor on Famines in India). Linnean Society, 8 p.m. Royal Society, 8.30 p.m. Dramatic Authors Society, committee, 2.30 p.m. Royal Academy, 8 p.m. (Professor J. Marshall on Anatomy). West Herts Agricultural Society Show at Watford (two days).	
TUESDAY, DECEMBER 16.		FRIDAY, DECEMBER 19.	
Cambridge Michaelmas Term ends. Royal Humane Society, committee, 4 p.m. Statistical Society, 7.30 p.m. (Sir Rowland Hill on the High Price of Coals—with suggestions for neutralising its evils). Pathological Society, 8 p.m. Institution of Civil Engineers, 8 p.m. Tredgar Agricultural Show (two days). London Anthropological Society, 8 p.m. Westminster Play (Terence's "Phormio"), 7 p.m. Christian Union Conference, at Exeter Hall, 7 p.m. (Lord Ebury in the chair). St. Paul's Cathedral, Lectures to Men, 8 p.m. (Bishop Claughton on Church and State under Charlemagne).		New moon, 6.49 p.m. Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, 2 p.m. Philological Society, 8 p.m. (Professor Whitney on Peile's Greek and Latin Etymology). Sacred Harmonic Society, Exeter Hall, 7.30 p.m. (Handel's "Messiah"). South Kensington Museum 8 p.m. (Professor J. Marshall on Form). SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20.	
		City of London Common Council to be elected. Royal Horticultural Society, promenade, 2 p.m. London Academy of Music, St. George's Hall; Students' Concert, 2.30 p.m. Institute of Actuaries, 10 a.m., examination of Associates. Royal Albert Hall, 8 p.m., Concert by Amateur Orchestral Society.	

TIMES OF HIGH WATER AT LONDON BRIDGE FOR THE WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 20.

Sunday.	Monday.	Tuesday.	Wednesday.	Thursday.	Friday.	Saturday.
h m 9 40 10 10	h m 10 40 11 10	h m 11 30 12 30	h m 12 30 1 30	h m 1 30 2 30	h m 2 30 3 30	h m 3 30 4 30

DORE'S GREAT PICTURE OF "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRETORIUM," with "The Night of the Crucifixion," "Christian Martyrs," "Francesca di Rimini," "Neophyte," "Andromeda," &c., at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond-street. Ten to Six. Admission, 1s.

ELIJAH WALTON.—EXHIBITION OF OIL PAINTINGS AND WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS—Alpine, Eastern, Norwegian, &c. OPEN until Dec. 25, at BURLINGTON GALLERY, 191, Piccadilly, from Ten till Dusk. Admission, with Catalogue, 1s.

THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS. The TWELFTH WINTER EXHIBITION OF SKETCHES AND STUDIES by the MEMBERS is NOW OPEN at their Gallery, 5, Pall-mall East. Ten till Five. Admission 1s. ALFRED D. FRIPP, Secretary.

INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS. The Eighth WINTER EXHIBITION is NOW OPEN from Ten till Six. Admission 1s. Gas on dark days. Gallery, 53, Pall-mall. JAMES FAHEY, Sec.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.—Sole Lessee and Manager, F. B. Chatterton.—Last Three Nights of ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. On MONDAY, BENEFIT of Mr. JAMES ANDERSON, MACBETH—Macbeth, Mr. James Anderson; Macduff, Mr. H. Sinclair; Lady Macbeth, Mrs. C. Viner. TUESDAY, Wednesday, and Thursday, ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA—Antony, Mr. James Anderson; Cleopatra, Miss Wallis. The performances will commence with ROBOBY IN LONDON. After "Antony and Cleopatra," a Ballet Divertissement, in which Miss Kate Vaughan and her celebrated Ballet Troupe will appear. To conclude with an Original Comic Ballet d'Action entitled THE RIVALS. On BOXING NIGHT, DEC. 26, will be produced a GRAND CHRISTMAS Pantomime, entitled JACK-IN-THE-BOX; or, Harlequin Little Tom Tucker. Prices, from Sixpence to Five Guineas. Doors open at Half-past Six; commence at a Quarter to Seven. Box-office open from Ten till Five daily.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—Every Evening, at Seven, SIMPSON AND CO.—Mr. Beveridge and Miss Pauncefort. At Eight, RICHELIEU—Richelieu, Mr. Henry Irving; Messrs. John Clayton, Beaumont, Forrester, Howard, Charles, Carter, Edgar, and Conway; Miss Le Thiere and Miss Isabel Bateman. Scenery by Hawes Craven and H. Cuthbert. Musical Director, Mr. Robert Stoppel. Conclude with SIX MONTHS AGO—Mr. John Clayton. Box-office open from Ten till Five. Lessee and Manager, Mr. H. L. Bateman. Morning Performance of "Richelieu" Saturday Next, Dec. 20, at Two o'clock.

NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE, Bishopsgate. Last Four Nights of Performing before Christmas—Mr. Creswick (the eminent Tragedian), on MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY, DEC. 15, 16, 17, and 20; also Mrs. Charles Viner, and full Dramatic Company.

NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE, Bishopsgate.—The Grand Comic Pantomime HARLEQUIN WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT. BOXING NIGHT and Every Evening at Seven. Morning Performances, Boxing Day, Dec. 26, and Saturday, Dec. 27, and every Monday, Thursday, and Saturday at 12.30, to which (children under Ten Half price.

THE MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS.

NINTH GRAND SERIES OF CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S CARNIVAL PERFORMANCES

will be given, as usual, at the ST. JAMES'S GREAT HALL, commencing BOXING DAY, FRIDAY, DEC. 26. (See following advertisements.)

THE MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS will give Two Grand Performances Every Day throughout the CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S HOLIDAYS, ST. JAMES'S GREAT HALL.

THE MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS. Christmas and New Year's Performances, St. James's Great Hall, TWICE DAILY THROUGHOUT THE HOLIDAYS. Every Afternoon at Three; Every Night at Eight. Commencing Friday, Dec. 26, continuing till Jan. 10.

ST. JAMES'S GREAT HALL, REGENT-STREET AND PICCADILLY, CHRISTMAS AND NEW-YEAR'S HOLIDAYS, 1873-4.

THE MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS

NINTH ANNUAL SERIES

of Performances specially prepared for the Festive Period, on FRIDAY AFTERNOON, DEC. 26, continuing them throughout the Holidays, EVERY DAY AT THREE, EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT.

AN ENTIRELY NEW AND MAGNIFICENT PROSCENIUM will be erected expressly for these performances, the mechanical department by Mr. J. Matthews; the proscenium and scenery painted by that eminent artist, Mr. Richard Douglass. The Hall will present a dazzling coup-d'oeil of beauty never before witnessed here. The Holiday Entertainment will present all those bright and salient features for which the entertainments of the Moore and Burgess Minstrels have so many years past been distinguished, maintaining its proud pre-eminence as the most charming and attractive performance to be found amid the entire round of metropolitan amusements. The aspect of the Great St. James's Hall during the series of holiday performances is invariably one of the most extraordinary sights in London, the vast area of this magnificent hall being densely crowded in every available space from floor to roof, notwithstanding the fact of there being ample accommodation for nearly four thousand persons.

The Day Performances are precisely the same in every detail as those given at night, but terminating in time to admit of visitors whose time is limited dining comfortably, and afterwards going to any of the theatres at night. Doors open daily at Two and Seven, except on Boxing Day, when the doors will open for the day performance at 1.30, the performance commencing at 2.30. Fauteuils, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Balcony, 2s.; Area and Upper Gallery, 1s. Children under twelve half price to Balcony and Stalls only. Places may be secured at Mitchell's, 33, Old Bond-street; Hays', Royal Exchange; Keith, Prowse, Cornhill; and Austin's Office, St. James's Hall. No fees or extra charges whatsoever.

A MOST IMPORTANT NOTICE and CAUTION to the Nobility, Gentry, and Public generally residing in the various towns and cities of the United Kingdom and the Colonies generally. THE TITLE OF CHRISTY MINSTRELS IS TOTALLY EXTINCT.

the great and only company that ever legally bore that title, for so many years past located at the St. James's Hall, London, is now known as the MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS.

There is no person or persons living that can legally make use of the title of Christy Minstrels, as it is now totally abolished. If the public are misled after this notice, the blame will rest with themselves. REMEMBER, THERE IS NO COMPANY IN EXISTENCE CALLED THE CHRISTY MINSTRELS.

ST. JAMES'S GREAT HALL, Piccadilly.

Every Night at Eight; Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday, Three and Eight.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

THE LONGEST ESTABLISHED AND MOST POPULAR ENTERTAINMENT IN THE WORLD.

THE MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS.

NOW IN THE NINTH YEAR OF ONE CONTINUOUS SEASON AT THIS HALL, an event altogether unparalleled in the history of the world's amusements.

NO FEES OR EXTRA CHARGES.

LADIES CAN RETAIN THEIR BONNETS IN ALL PARTS OF THE HALL.

New and Luxurious Private Boxes, acknowledged to be the finest in London, 41 11s. 6d. to 42 12s. 6d.; Fauteuils, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. Tickets and places at Mitchell's, 33, Old Bond-street; Ollivier's, Old Bond-street; and at Austin's, St. James's Hall, from Nine a.m. till Ten p.m.

LAST WEEK BUT ONE.

MARK TWAIN at the HANOVER-SQUARE ROOMS, EVERY EVENING (except Saturday), at Eight.

ROUGHING IT ON THE SILVER FRONTIER.

STALLS, 5s.; Unreserved Seats, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets may be obtained of Chappell and Co., 50, New Bond-street; Mitchell, 33, Old Bond-street; Keith, Prowse, and Co., 49, Cheapside; A. Hays', Royal Exchange-buildings; Mr. George Dolby, 52, New Bond-street; Austin's Ticket-office, St. James's Hall; and Mr. Hall, at the Hanover-square Rooms.

MARK TWAIN'S NEW HUMOROUS LECTURE, "ROUGHING IT ON THE SILVER FRONTIER," at the HANOVER-SQUARE ROOMS, EVERY EVENING (except Saturday), at Eight; and Wednesday and Saturday Afternoons, at Three.

MARK TWAIN'S NEW HUMOROUS LECTURE, "ROUGHING IT ON THE SILVER FRONTIER," at the HANOVER-SQUARE ROOMS.—Mr. George Dolby begs to announce that Mark Twain's visit to England (London and the provinces included) is limited to a short period, important business calling him to America early in January.

MARK TWAIN at the HANOVER-SQUARE ROOMS. Prices of Admission: Stalls, 5s.; Unreserved Seats, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets of Chappell and Co., 50, New Bond-street; at the usual Music Warehouses and Libraries; Mr. George Dolby, 52, New Bond-street; Mr. Austin, St. James's Hall; and Mr. Hall, at the Hanover-square Rooms.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL CHORAL SOCIETY. Conductor, Mr. BARNBY.—MONDAY NEXT, DEC. 15, at Eight o'clock, BACH'S CHRISTMAS ORATORIO. First public performance in England. Madame Otto-Alvaldeben, Madame Patey, Mr. W. H. Cummings, and Signor Agnesi. Organist, Dr. Stainer. Boxes, £3 3s., £2 10s., and £1 10s.; Stalls, 7s. 6d. and 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets at Novello's, 1, Berners-street, and 35, Poultry; the usual Agents, and the Royal Albert Hall.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL. Conductor, Sir MICHAEL COSTA.—The Forty-second ANNUAL CHRISTMAS PERFORMANCE of the MESSIAH will be repeated on FRIDAY NEXT, DEC. 19. Principal vocalists—Madame Sherrington, Miss Enriquez, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Mr. T. Thomas; Trumpet, Mr. Harper; Organist, Mr. Willing. Band and Chorus 700 Performers. Commence at 7.30. Tickets, 3s.; Numbered Seats, 5s. and 10s. 6d., at 6, Exeter Hall.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

In consequence of Christmas falling this year on Thursday, and of the following day being a Bank Holiday, the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS for the week ending Dec. 27 will be published on the previous Wednesday. All Advertisements for that week's Number will therefore be required by Noon on Tuesday, the 23rd.

Office: 198, Strand, W.C.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1873.

Time, in its unstaying flight, has once more brought us to the frontier of that season which by no small portion of our fellow-men is accepted as the symbol of "Good will to men." Christmas will presently be with us. The signs of its proximity may be everywhere observed. One cannot walk the streets without seeing the *avant-couriers* of its visit. Most of the preliminaries requisite to the celebration of this festivity are daily coming into sight, in their due order. Necessarily and forcibly they wake up in the mind the associations with which we are wont to hallow the occasion. It is not too soon, therefore, to give utterance to the thoughts and sentiments which it inspires. From the depths of our being—from the inmost recesses of our heart—in entire unison with the sacred

facts which the holiday is set apart to commemorate, we breathe forth the customary salutation of the season, "A merry Christmas" to all our readers.

As yet, it is true, we remain ignorant of the conditions under which the commemorative day will dawn upon any one of us. Nor is it necessary to the fullest participation of the spirit of that day that it should be otherwise. There is no state of human life in reference to which the feeling and expression of "goodwill" and fellow-kindliness are out of place, or ill-adapted to exercise a genial, softening, and harmonising influence; and, happily, Christendom has so arranged the observance of this season as to evoke to the widest extent, and to exhibit in the greatest variety, the humaner sentiments and sympathies of our common nature. It is rare, because it is difficult, for any man to pass through the Christmas season without becoming more than ordinarily susceptible to impressions powerful, in whatever form they take, to open the springs of the gentler and more loving tendencies of humanity. The very air seems to be full of kindly suggestions. All the sights and sounds which play around us make us more sensible of the ties which link man to man, all over the world, in one common brotherhood. The truths which are flashed upon the mind as the season progresses; the forms of greeting everywhere adopted; the festive preparations that come under our notice day by day; and the arrangements planned and put into practice for once more grouping scattered families into domestic parties, carry home to every bosom a power which revives in them a sense of those affinities which in the heat and dust, the toil and worry of "the battle of life," are too liable to escape nurture or even recognition. Christmas comes, bringing with it "airs from heaven," and, if men will let them fan their hearts, under their resuscitating warmth the better and more disinterested impulses of their nature push themselves to the surface, and, as we may say, exhale their natural fragrance. The temper of society becomes sweetened, more benign, more generous, more considerate of others' wants and woes, under the almost magical charm of Christmas-tide; and the world derives from it a moral lesson which in the estimation of most people gives to it a special value.

Christmas is a winter holiday, but more frequently than not, we think, has been of late years unaccompanied by wintry weather. We know not whether any great meteorological change has taken place during the last half-century; but we have a shrewd suspicion that any such apparent change is for the most part in our imagination. We like to conceive of Christmas under the figure of a hale old man, vigorous of constitution, blithe in temper, robed in furs, crowned with ivy, and carrying in his hand a sceptre wreathed with holly and mistletoe. We enjoy his visit most when snow wraps the surface of the land in glistening purity, and frost binds the roads, and the pools, and every expanse of standing water into iron solidity. When he comes, thus the rarer beauties of Nature disclose themselves to our admiring view, and so long as we remain blest with physical health and vigour the very sternness of the outside world serves to compress into deeper intensity the warmth of heart which has been kindled within us by the season. These are external conditions which, albeit they are pinching to poverty and often fatal in their severity to the infirm, stimulate Charity to "take her walks abroad," and enhance the pleasure of all her activities. One hardly knows whether to wish for a frosty or an open Christmas. Each has its recommendation to different classes; each has, too, its appropriate grounds for thankfulness. Come in what guise it will, however, Christmas-tide is always welcome.

"Peace on earth." It is no small matter of congratulation that Christmas finds this year all the civilised nations in both hemispheres at peace with each other. England, it is true, has on its hands "a little war" on the Western Coast of Africa, which one can only hope will be speedily brought to a close. Holland, too, has a similar affair on her hands in Sumatra; and Russia has to contend with troubles of a like kind in Central Asia. But, with these comparatively trivial exceptions, the world is at peace, and without any immediate and visible prospect of its being disturbed. On the other hand, however, it is impossible to put altogether out of sight—nor if it were possible would it be desirable—that famine threatens to overtake a formidable proportion of our fellow-subjects in Bengal. We have to thank God for "peace;" we are under the most urgent obligations in this latter instance to display "good will." When the occasion for the latter arrives it is not to be doubted that we shall do our duty with eager liberality—not the less eager because preceded by the festivities of Christmas. It was the fashion in days long since gone by—and a very good fashion too—on the occasion of any solemn review of remarkable national experience, to "thank God and take courage." Very suitably may we do so this Christmas. We have much for which, as a people, to be grateful, and we look forward to having much that will call for the exercise of all manly virtues.

"A Merry Christmas!" We trust the salutation may be circulated without stint, in cheerful faith, as a prophecy as well as a prayer, wherever the holiday is observed. We have made no mention of domestic reunions, inasmuch as they constitute a feature of Christmas-tide which none of our readers are likely to

overlook. Perhaps, however, we may be permitted to utter the wish that in regard to this matter their experience may fully correspond with the customary form of greeting. May lightness and merriment of heart, hand-in-hand with the sobriety of wisdom, be present to grace every family gathering! May childhood impart something of its elasticity and gaiety to old age, and old age regulate, whilst it shares, the buoyancy and vivacity of youth. May there be the spontaneous and glad some outflow of all those emotions which the season and that which it represents are adapted to stir! May ties that have been loosened be reknit; friends that have been estranged enjoy the luxury of reconciliation; those who have suffered bereavement find solace and support; and such as have been spared that trial of their affections be proportionably grateful! In a word, may Christmas so come and pass as to introduce each and all of our readers to "a Happy New Year!"

THE COURT.

The Queen, Princess Beatrice, the Duke of Edinburgh, Prince Arthur, and Prince Louis of Hesse, attended Divine service, on Sunday, in the private chapel of Windsor Castle. The Rev. Henry White, M.A., Chaplain of the House of Commons, officiated. On Monday her Majesty held a private investiture of the Order of the Bath, when several Knights Grand Cross were invested with the ribbon and badge of the Military Division of the First Class, and various other naval and military officers received the honour of knighthood. Twenty-two Knights Commanders also received the honour of knighthood, and were invested with the insignia of the Second Class of the Order. The Queen also held an investiture of the Star of India, and conferred the dignity of knighthood upon various Knights Commanders, and invested them with the insignia of the First and Second Classes of the Order. Princess Beatrice was present. Luncheon was served after the ceremony. Prince Arthur left the castle for Aldershot. Prince Louis of Hesse came to London. His Royal Highness has also visited Prince Leopold at Oxford. Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, his Excellency the Saxon Minister, Earl Granville, Count Hohenthal, and the Dean of Windsor and the Hon. Mrs. Wellesley have dined with the Queen. Her Majesty, with Princess Louis of Hesse and Princess Beatrice, has taken daily out-of-door exercise. A marble bust of her Majesty's half-sister, the Princess of Hohenlohe, has been placed in a niche under the mausoleum of the Duchess of Kent at Frogmore. It was executed by Mr. Theed, and the Latin inscription on it was written by the Dean of Westminster.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince Albert Victor and Prince George of Wales, and the Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli attended Divine service on Sunday at Sandringham church. The Rev. W. Lake Onslow, M.A., and the Bishop of Peterborough officiated. On Monday the Prince and Princess arrived at Marlborough House from Sandringham. The Duke of Edinburgh and Prince Louis of Hesse visited their Royal Highnesses. The Prince received the Saxon Minister and Count Hohenthal at Marlborough House. In the evening his Royal Highness, with the Duke of Edinburgh, was present at the meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, to hear the reading of Sir Samuel Baker's paper on his last expedition to Central Africa. On Tuesday the Prince presided at a meeting of the council of his Royal Highness, held at the office of the Duchy of Cornwall, Buckingham-gate. Subsequently the Prince and Princess left Marlborough House on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, at Blenheim Palace. The Duke of Edinburgh accompanied their Royal Highnesses. An address was presented to the Prince and Princess at Woodstock by the Mayor of the borough.

Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein have arrived at Cumberland Lodge, Windsor, from Canford House.

The Duke and Duchess of Teck have left Vienna for New Strelitz on a visit to the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz.

HOME NEWS.

"E. G. T." has given £1000 to the British Orphan Asylum.

Founder's Day at Eton College was celebrated by a banquet given by Dr. Goodford, in the College Hall, to seventy guests.

The legal confirmation of the new Bishop of Ely took place at Bow Church, Cheapside, on Tuesday.

The premises numbered 83, Newgate-street, being required for the widening of that thoroughfare, a jury which sat at Guildhall, on Saturday, assessed the compensation at £24,000.

As was anticipated, Mr. Vernon-Harcourt regains his seat at Oxford without opposition. This election is the first that has taken place in Oxford under the ballot.

Lord Carnarvon presided at the fiftieth anniversary of the Birkbeck Institute, which was celebrated, last Saturday, by a distribution of prizes.

Mark Twain delivered a new lecture, entitled "Roughing it on the Silver Frontier," in the Hanover-square Rooms, on Monday evening.

The Bishop of Oxford has been injured through having been struck by a truss of hay thrown from a loft at the moment his Lordship was passing, on his way to Oxford railway station.

The Conservatives have won a seat at Exeter, Mr. A. Mills having been returned by a majority of 321 over Sir Edward Watkin, on a total polled of 4371. The official statement was as follows:—Mills, 2346; Watkins, 2025.

There are nearly 1800 owners of yachts, and 2700 yachts registered in the yacht list, and a very large number of men are employed by them; so that the examinations lately thrown open to members of the yachting clubs affect the safety of a considerable number of lives and the security of a large amount of property.

Last Saturday the largest merchant-ship afloat, with the exception of the Great Eastern, was launched from the yard of Messrs. John Elder and Co., Govan, Glasgow. The vessel, which has been built for the Pacific Steam Navigation Company, is 460 ft. long, 45 ft. wide, and 37 ft. 6 in. in depth, and is 4820 tons gross. She is named the Iberia.

Sir Thomas Fremantle, after long and distinguished services as Chairman of the Board of Customs, has resigned his office. It is stated that his successor will be Mr. Frederick Goulburn, C.B., the present Deputy-Chairman, and that post to be occupied by Lieutenant-Colonel Frederick Romilly, already one of the Commissioners. The seat at the board vacated by Colonel Romilly's promotion will not be filled up.

The revisers of the authorised version of the New Testament met on Tuesday at the Jerusalem Chamber for their thirty-fifth session, and sat seven hours. Professor Edwin Palmer, of Oxford, who has been recently appointed a member of the company, took his place for the first time. The company revised part of the last chapter of the Acts of the Apostles and part of the first chapter of the Epistle of St. James.

Kimbolton Castle has been this week the scene of a brilliant gathering to celebrate the nuptials of the Duke of Hamilton and Lady Mary Montagu, eldest daughter of the Duke of Manchester. Rich and rare are the marriage gifts being sent to the bride. Her Majesty's present is a costly Indian shawl; the Emperor of Germany's, an enamelled portrait of himself; and the Empress of Germany's, a gold brooch. The Prince and Princess of Wales give an antique cross in precious stones.

Captain Flood Page was yesterday week elected secretary to the Crystal Palace Company, vice Mr. Grove. There were 260 applicants for the office.—The new rooms of the School of Art, Science, and Literature, at the Crystal Palace, were opened in the evening with a soirée and conversation, to which about 600 guests were invited. The whole of the tropical department was divided off and lit up with variegated lamps. The chair was taken by Mr. T. Hughes, M.P. The musical arrangements were under the direction of Sir J. Benedict.

Sir Samuel Baker on Monday evening read, in the theatre of the London University, before the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh, the account of his explorations of the Upper Nile. The audience included many chief representatives of the intellect and genius of Great Britain; and the lecturer, whose interesting paper has been delayed by illness, was received with loud and long-continued applause, when introduced to the brilliant company by Sir Bartle Frere. On the conclusion of Sir Samuel's address, the Prince of Wales spoke a few words of welcome and congratulation.

"MY FIRST CHRISTMAS."

See! I am Baby! Here am I!
Now, don't you think I'm going to cry!
No; I as well as you am able
To meet the company at table;
For though, since I was born and nursed,
This merry Christmas is the first,
And scarce three hundred days have shed
Their sunshine on my little head,
And though my loving eyes have seen
A single summer's living green,
Nor yet to me was shown or told
The reign of winter, dark and cold,
And still, by mother's arms caressed,
I drink the fountain of her breast,
As plants on sap, on milk I fare,
A human flower, without a care;
Yet not so rooted in the sod,
But growing freely up for God,
And gaining strength of soul and limb
To work and pray and walk with Him—
If when I learn to judge and will
His grace shall guide my manhood still—
Though I am little, as you see,
The least, the last, a toy of glee,
A plaything merely of your sport,
I am a creature of that sort
For whom, to bring His peace on earth,
This day the Saviour came in birth;—
So let the Baby's presence tell
That Christmas tale of love, as well
As Christmas pleasures at the board,
Or by the fire, a yearly hoard
Of festive friendliness you spend,
And cheerful bid the year to end.
Big folks are wise! yet so it may be,
Not one of you knows more than Baby!

THE RUSSIANS IN CENTRAL ASIA.

We are once more indebted to Mr. MacGahan, who was special correspondent of the *New York Herald* with the Russian military expedition to Khiva six months ago, for an illustration of the scene on May 24 when General Kauffman and his army came in sight of water, to their great relief, after a long and toilsome march through the desert, where they had suffered and might have perished of thirst. Their course had been from the Russian settlements in Bokhara, east of Khiva. They had been harassed all the way by the skirmishing attacks of Turkoman cavalry, under a brigand chief named Sadik in the service of the Khan of Khiva. The river Amoo Darya, or Oxus, lay at an uncertain distance before them; it was needful to cross this river, descending its banks, and thence to advance westward on Khiva. Mr. MacGahan writes as follows:—

"When General Kauffman espied the water glistening from afar, he took off his cap and blessed himself, and so did the officers of his staff, while the whole army set up a cheer. They thought it was the river; it was only a lake, but it was water, and that was what they sorely wanted. But, although the soldiers were dying of thirst, their discipline was such that not one of them broke ranks on coming near the river until the Turkoman assailants were finally charged and put to flight by the Russian cavalry, after having first been thrown into a panic by a few shells. They were pursued to the river, where General Kauffman captured eleven boats, in which he afterwards conveyed his troops across the Oxus. This is called the fight of Ooch-oochak, from the mountains of that name.

"Proceeding sixty miles down the right bank, General Kauffman reached, on May 27, a point opposite Sheik Ark, where the Khivans had built a fort to dispute the passage. They fired at him with pieces of twelve, throwing round shot. On the 29th he sent General Golovachoff, with a battery of artillery, to reduce the fort. This was done by a cannonade of three hours. The Oxus here is about three quarters of a mile broad; the Khivan guns carried easily across the river. Their aim was so correct that the balls fell right among the Russians, and, had they been shells, might have done much damage."

Mr. MacGahan arrived in the middle of the fight, having left Fort Perofsky on April 4, with three Tartar guides, to overtake General Kauffman's army. The army had changed its route, and he had wandered a month about the desert, suffering great hardships, in search of Kauffman and the Russians. Coming up here just in time, Mr. MacGahan watched the action from a sandhill more than an hour. He was surprised by the rapidity and accuracy with which the Khivans handled their guns. But the Russians only lost two horses and one piece dismounted, which was soon repaired. General Kauffman instantly commenced the passage of the river, which was accomplished by the captured boats in five days. He then marched upon Khiva, and entered that city on June 10.

We have given illustrations both of the Russian army crossing the Oxus and of its entrance into Khiva. Mr. MacGahan speaks in the highest terms of the cheerful courage,

the discipline and patient fortitude of the Russian soldiers, who bore extreme fatigue with no better food, often for days together, than the hardest black bread and a little tea. We are much pleased to learn that Mr. MacGahan is preparing a book in which he will relate all the incidents of this remarkable campaign, and his personal experiences in Central Asia.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Prince Ferdinand, the only son of the Duc de Montpensier, died at Orleans, last week, in his fifteenth year.

The Queen has approved the appointment of Sir William Grey, K.C.S.I., late Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, to be Governor of Jamaica, in succession to Sir John P. Grant, who will shortly relinquish his government.

The officers and crew of the *Loch Earn*, having been compelled to abandon their vessel six days after the terrible collision with the *Ville du Havre*, were rescued by the ship *British Queen*, and landed at Plymouth on Saturday.

We hear from Calcutta that Sir George Campbell, the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, postponed his resignation when the apprehensions of famine became serious, and placed his services at the disposal of the Viceroy so long as they might be required.

It is announced from Berlin that a Royal Cabinet order has been issued relieving Count Koenigsmark of the functions of Minister of Agriculture, and intrusting Dr. Achenbach, the Minister of Commerce, with the direction of the vacant department pro tem.

Official advices have been received at the Hague announcing the arrival of the Dutch expedition in Acheen Roads. Owing to heavy rains, no operations had been commenced. There had been cholera on board several of the vessels of the fleet, and a sanatorium had been established upon an island in Acheen Bay.

The Italian Chamber of Deputies has approved a bill for increasing the pay of officers in the army. A bill has also been adopted authorising the Minister of Finance to raise 30,000,000 lire on the credit opened with the bank. A remodelling of the navy has been hinted at by the Minister of Marine. The proposal met with a favourable reception in the Chamber.

Intelligence has been received that there had been no fighting on the Gold Coast since the dispatch of the previous mail. The Ashantees were still retreating northwards. Sir Garnet Wolseley and several other officers had suffered slightly from fever, but the general health was good.

The Emperor of Austria has written to the Ban of Croatia granting a comprehensive amnesty to political offenders in Croatia and Slavonia on the occasion of the perfected revision of the compromise with Hungary. An extradition treaty between Austria and Great Britain has been signed at Vienna. The Upper House of the Austrian Reichsrath has adopted the bill authorising a loan of 80,000,000 fl. to remove the difficulties caused by the financial crisis.

General Ceballos, who was in command of the besieging forces before Carthage, has been replaced by General Zavala, who is also appointed Commander-in-Chief in Valencia. When we went to press with our early edition, on Wednesday, the bombardment of Carthage was still proceeding. A Carlist telegram from Estella reports the capture of a fortified town in the province of Rioja. More than a third of the garrison, which numbered 300 men, were taken prisoners. The Republican Generals Loma and Moriones, in the north, have effected a junction. Their united forces now amount to 14,000 men.

The Emperor and Empress of Russia, with the Archduchess Alexandrowna, arrived last week at St. Petersburg, from their prolonged sojourn in the south. Final accounts of the Russian Budget for 1872 show a surplus of 629,721 roubles. The statue of the Empress Catherine II. was unveiled at St. Petersburg, on Sunday morning, with much ceremony. A banquet was given, on Monday, in the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg, to celebrate the festival of the Order of St. George. The Czar proposed a toast to the Knights of the Order of St. George. Field Marshal Manteuffel, in the name of the German Emperor and army, proposed the health of the Emperor Alexander.

The appointment of the Duke of Rochefoucauld-Bisaccia as French Ambassador to England is gazetted.—The Committee of the Assembly on the Constitutional Laws, having been at last constituted, held its first meeting yesterday week. M. Batbie was elected president; and it was resolved that full publicity will be given to its sittings, which will take place every Monday and Friday. At the meeting of the Assembly yesterday week a proposal to take into consideration a motion in favour of raising the state of siege in the departments of the Seine and Oise was rejected by 403 votes against 216. The Duc de Broglie has introduced a bill to confer the right of nominating the mayors and deputy mayors on the Government until the organic municipal laws shall have been voted by the Assembly. The Committees of the Assembly elected their presidents and secretaries on Tuesday. In several of the Committees members of the Extreme Right voted with the Left, owing to the rupture of the former with the Right Centre.—An important stage in the trial of Marshal Bazaine was reached last Saturday. General Pourcet concluded his speech for the prosecution, and demanded that the Marshal should be degraded according to the provisions of the Military Code and condemned to death. After M. Lachaud's speech for the defence, the Court adjourned. On reassembling, General Pourcet replied to M. Lachaud. The latter again spoke, and before the Judges left to consider their verdict Marshal Bazaine rose and solemnly swore that he never betrayed France. He was, however, condemned to death, with military degradation.

POSTAGE OF THE CHRISTMAS DOUBLE NUMBER

OF

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

SATURDAY, DEC. 13.

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THE RUSSIAN EXPEDITION TO KHIVA: FIRST SIGHT OF WATER AFTER CROSSING THE DESERT.



"THE TIRED ATTENDANT," BY F. HUARD.
IN THE EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

THE OLD WATER-COLOUR SOCIETY.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PROBLEM No. 1555.

By C. W. of Sunbury

BLACK.

WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

THE SMITHFIELD CLUB CATTLE SHOW.

1 Mondays at half-past eleven o'clock.

FRIDA; OR, THE LOVER'S LEAP.

A LEGEND OF THE WEST COUNTRY.

BY R. D. BLACKMORE, AUTHOR OF "LORNA DOONE," &c.

CHAPTER I.

On the very day when Charles I. was crowned with due rejoicings—Candlemas-day, in the year of our Lord 1626—a loyalty, quite as deep and perhaps even more lasting, was having its beer at Ley Manor in the north of Devon. A loyalty not to the King, for the old West country folk knew little and cared less about the house that came over the border; but to a Lord who had won their hearts by dwelling among them, and dealing kindly, and paying his way every Saturday night. When this has been done for three generations general and genial respect may almost be relied upon. The present Baron de Wichehalse was fourth in descent from that Hugh de Wichehalse, the head of an old and wealthy race, who had sacrificed his comfort to his resolve to have a will of his own in matters of religion. That Hugh de Wichehalse, having an eye to this, as well as the other world, contrived to sell his large estates before they were confiscated, and to escape with all the money from very sharp measures then enforced, by order of King Philip II., in the unhappy Low Countries. Landing in England, with all his effects and a score of trusty followers, he bought a fine property, settled, and died, and left a good name behind him. And that good name had been well kept up, and the property had increased and thriven, so that the present lord was loved and admired by all the neighbourhood.

In one thing, however, he had been unlucky, at least in his own opinion. Ten years of married life had not found issue in parental life. All his beautiful rocks and hills, lovely streams and glorious woods, green meadows and golden cornlands, must pass to his nephew and not to his child, because he had not gained one. Being a good man, he did his best to see this thing in its proper light. Children, after all, are a plague, a risk, and a deep anxiety. His nephew was a very worthy boy, and his rights should be respected. Nevertheless, the Baron often longed to supersede them.

Of this there was every prospect now. The lady of the house had intrusted her case to a highly celebrated simple-woman, who, lived among rocks and scanty vegetation at Heddon's Mouth, gathering wisdom from the earth and from the sea tranquillity. De Wichehalse was naturally vexed a little when all this accumulated wisdom culminated in nothing grander than a somewhat undersized, and unhappily female child, one, moreover, whose presence cost him that of his faithful and loving wife. So that the heiress of Ley Manor was greeted, after all, with a very brief and sorry welcome. "Jennyfried," for so they named her, soon began to grow into a fair esteem and good liking. Her father, after a year or two, plucked up his courage and played with her; and the more he played the more pleased he was, both with her and his own kind self. Unhappily, there were at that time no shops in the neighbourhood; unhappily, now there are too many. Nevertheless, upon the whole, she had all the toys that were good for her; and her teeth had a fair chance of fitting themselves for life's chief operation in the absence of sugared allurements.

A brief and meagre account is this of the birth, and growth, and condition of a maiden whose beauty and goodness still linger in the winter tales of many a simple homestead. For, sharing her father's genial nature, she went about among the people in her soft and playful way, knowing all their cares, and gifted with a kindly wonder at them, which is very soothing. All the simple folk expected condescension from her; and she would have let them have it, if she had possessed it.

At last she was come to a time of life when maidens really must begin to consider their responsibilities—a time when it does matter how the dress sits and what it is made of, and whether the hair is well arranged for dancing in the sunshine and for fluttering in the moonlight; also that the eyes convey not from that roguish nook the heart any betrayal of "hide and seek;" neither must the risk of blushing tremble on perpetual brinks; neither must—but, in a word, 'twas the seventeenth year of a maiden's life.

More and more such matters gained on her motherless necessity. Strictly anxious as she was to do the right thing always, she felt more and more upon every occasion (unless it was something particular) that her cousin need not so impress his cousinly salutation.

Albert de Wichehalse (who received that name before it became so inevitable) was that same worthy boy grown up as to whom the Baron had felt compunctions, highly honourable to either party, touching his defeasance; or rather, perhaps, as to interception of his presumptive heirship by the said Albert, or at least by his mother contemplated. And Albert's father had intrusted him to this uncle's special care and love, having comfortably made up his mind, before he left this evil world, that his son would have a good slice of it.

Now, therefore, the Baron's chief desire was to heal all breaches and make things pleasant, and keep all the family property snug by marrying his fair Jennyfried (or "Frida," as she was called at home) to her cousin Albert, now a fine young fellow of five-and-twenty. De Wichehalse was strongly attached to his nephew, and failed to see any good reason why a certain large farm near Martinhoe, quite a huge cantle from the Ley estates, which by a prior devise must fall to Albert upon his own demise, should be allowed to depart in that way from his posthumous control.

However, like most of our fallible race, he went the worst possible way to work in pursuit of his favourite purpose. He threw the young people together daily, and dined into the ears of each perpetual praise of the other. This seemed to answer well enough in the case of the simple Albert. He could never have too much of his lively cousin's company, neither could he weary of sounding her sweet excellence. But with the young maid it was not so. She liked the good Albert well enough, and never got out of his way at all. Moreover, sometimes his curly hair and bright moustache, when they came too near, would raise not a positive flutter, perhaps, but a sense of some fugitive movement in the unexplored distances of the heart. Still, this might go on for years and nothing more to come of it. Frida loved her father best of all the world, at present.

CHAPTER II.

There happened to be at this time an old fogey—of course it is most distressing to speak of anyone disrespectfully; but when one thinks of the trouble he caused, and not only that, but he was an old fogey, essentially and pre-eminently—and his name was Sir Maunder Meddleby. This worthy Baronet, one of the first of a newly-invented order, came in his sledd stuffed with goose-feathers (because he was too fat to ride, and no wheels were yet known on the hill tracks) to talk about some exchange of land with his old friend, our De Wichehalse. The Baron and the Baronet had been making a happy day of it. Each knew pretty well exactly what his neighbour's little rashness might be hoped to lead to, and each in his mind was pretty sure of having the upper hand of it. Therefore both their hearts were open—business being now dismissed, and dinner over—to one another. They sat in a beautiful place, and

drew refreshment of mind through their outward lips by means of long reedens tubes with bowls at their ends, and something burning.

Clouds of delicate vapour wandered round and betwixt them and the sea; and each was well content to wonder whether the time need ever come when he must have to think again. Suddenly a light form flitted over the rocks, as the shadows flit; and though Frida ran away for fear of interrupting them, they knew who it was, and both, of course, began to think about her.

The Baron gave a puff of pipe, and left the Baronet to begin. In course of time Sir Maunder spoke, with all that breadth and beauty of the vowels and the other things which a Devonshire man commands, from the Lord Lieutenant downwards.

"If so be that 'ee gooth vor to ax me, ai can zay wan thing, and wan oncy."

What one thing is it, good neighbour? I am well content with her as she is."

"Laikely enough. And 'e wud be zo till 'e zeed a zummur fairer."

"I want to see nothing finer or better than what we have seen now just, Sir."

"There, you be like all varthers, a'most! No zort o' oose to advise 'un."

"Nay, nay! Far otherwise. I am not by any means of that nature. Sir Maunder Meddleby, I have the honour of craving your opinion."

Sir Maunder Meddleby thought for a while, or at any rate meant to be thinking, ere ever he dared to deliver himself of all his weighty judgment.

"I've a knowed she, my Lard Witcher, ever since her wore that baigh. A purty wanch, and a peart one. But her wanteth the vinish of the Court. Never do no good wi'out un, whan a coomth, as her must, to coorting."

This was the very thing De Wichehalse was afraid to hear of. He had lived so mild a life among the folk who loved him that any fear of worry in great places was too much for him. And yet sometimes he could not help a little prick of thought about his duty to his daughter. Hence it came that common sense was driven wild by conscience, as for ever happens with the few who keep that gadfly. Six great horses, who knew no conscience but had more fleshly tormentors, were ordered out, and the journey began, and at last it ended.

Everything in London now was going almost anyhow. Kind and worthy people scarcely knew the way to look at things. They desired to respect the King and all his privilege, and yet they found his mind so wayward that they had no hold of him.

The Court, however, was doing its best, from place to place in its wanderings, to despise the uproar and enjoy itself as it used to do. Bright and beautiful ladies gathered round the King, when the Queen was gone, persuading him and one another that they must have their own way.

Of the lords who helped these ladies to their strong opinions there was none in higher favour with the Queen and the King himself than the young Lord Auberley. His dress was like a sweet enchantment, and his tongue was finer still, and his grace and beauty were as if no earth existed. Frida was a new thing to him, in her pure simplicity. He to her was such a marvel, such a mirror of the skies, as a maid can only dream of in the full moon of St. John.

Little dainty glance, and flushing, and the fear to look too much, and the stealthy joy of feeling that there must be something meant, yet the terror of believing anything in earnest, and the hope that, after all, there may be nought to come of it; and when this hope seems over true, the hollow of the heart behind it, and the longing to be at home with anyone to love oneself—time is wasted in recounting this that always must be.

Enough that Frida loved this gallant from the depths of her pure heart, while he admired and loved her to the best of his ability.

CHAPTER III.

The worthy Baron was not of a versatile complexion. When his mind was quite made up he carried out the whole of it. But he could not now make up his mind upon either of two questions. Of these questions one was this—should he fight for the King or against him, in the struggle now begun? By hereditary instincts he was stanch for liberty, for letting people have their own opinions who could pay for them. And about religious matters and the Royal view of them, he fell under sore misgiving that his grandfather on high would have a bone to pick with him.

His other difficulty was what to say, or rather what to think about Lord Auberley. To his own plain way of judging, and that human instinct which, when highly cultivated, equals that of the weaker dogs, also to his recollection of what used to be expected in the time when he was young, Viscount Auberley did not give perfect satisfaction.

Nevertheless, being governed as strong folk are by the gentle ones, the worthy Baron winked at little things which did not please him, and went so far as to ask that noble spark to flash upon the natives of benighted Devon. Lord Auberley was glad enough to retire for a season, both for other reasons and because he saw that bitter fighting must be soon expected. Hence it happened that the six great Flemish horses were buckled to, early in September of the first year of the civil war, while the King was on his westward march, collecting men and money. The Queen was not expected back from the Continent for another month; there had scarcely been for all the summer even the semblance of a Court, fit to teach a maiden lofty carriage and cold dignity; so that Lord de Wichehalse thought Sir Maunder Meddleby an oaf for sending him to London.

But there was some one who had tasted strong delight and shuddering fear, glowing hopes and chill despair, triumph, shame, and all confusion of the heart and mind and will, such as simple maidens hug into their blushing chastity by the moonlight of first love. Frida de Wichehalse knew for certain, and for ever felt it settled, that in all the world of worlds never had been any body, any mind, or even soul, fit to think of twice when once you had beheld Lord Auberley.

His young Lordship, on the whole, was much of the same opinion. Low fellows must not have the honour to discharge their guns at him. He liked the King, and really meant no harm whatever to his peace of mind concerning his Henrietta; and, if the worst came to the worst, everyone knew that out of France there was no swordsman fit to meet, even with a rapier, the foil of Aubyn Auberley. Neither was it any slur upon his loyalty or courage that he was now going westward from the world of camps and war. It was important to secure the wavering De Wichehalse, the leading man of all the coast, from Minehead down to Hartland; so that, with the full consent of all the King's advisers, Lord Auberley left Court and camp to press his own suit peacefully. What a difference he found it to be here in mid-September, far away from any knowledge of the world and every care; only to behold the manner of the trees disrobing, blushing with a trembling wonder at the freedom of the winds, or in the wealth of deep wood browning into rich defiance; only to observe the colour of the hills, and cliffs, and glens, and the glory of the sea underneath the peace of heaven, when the balanced sun was striking level light all over them! And if this were not enough to make a man con-

tented with his littleness and largeness, then to see the freshened Pleiads, after their long dip of night, over the eastern waters twinkling, glad to see us all once more, and sparkling to be counted.

These things, and a thousand others, which (without a waft of knowledge or of thought on our part) enter into and become our sweetest recollections, for the gay young Lord possessed no charm, nor even interest. "Dull, dull, how dull it is!" was all he thought when he thought at all; and he vexed his host by asking how he could live in such a hole as that. And he would have vexed his young love, too, if young love were not so large of heart, by asking what the foreign tongue was which "her people" tried to speak. "Their native tongue, and mine, my Lord;" cried Frida, with the sweetness of her smile less true than usual, because she loved her people and the air of her nativity.

However, take it altogether, this was a golden time for her. Golden trust and reliance are the well-spring of our nature, and that man is the happiest who is cheated every day almost. The pleasure is tenfold as great, in being cheated as to cheat. Therefore Frida was as happy as the day and night are long. Though the trees were striped with autumn, and the green of the fields was waning, and the puce of the heath was faded into dingy cinnamon; though the tint of the rocks was darkened by the nightly rain and damp, and the clear brooks were beginning to be hoarse with shivering floods, and the only flowers left were but widows of the sun, yet she had the sovereign comfort and the cheer of trustful love. Lord Auberley, though he cared nought for the Valley of Rocks, or Watersmeet, for beetling majesty of the cliffs, or mantled curves of Woody Bay, and though he accounted the land a wilderness, and the inhabitants savages, had taken a favourable view of the ample spread of the inland farms, and the loyalty of the tenants, which naturally suggested the raising of the rental. Therefore he grew more attentive to young Mistress Frida; even sitting in shady places, which it made him damp to think of, when he turned his eyes from her. Also he was moved a little by her growing beauty, for now the return to her native hills, the presence of her lover, and the home-made bread and forest mutton, combining with her dainty years, were making her look wonderful. If Aubyn Auberley had not been despoiled of all true manliness, by the petting and the froward wit of many a foreign lady, he might have won the pure salvation of an earnest love. But, when judged by that French standard which was now supreme at Court, this poor Frida was a rustic, only fit to go to school.

There was another fine young fellow who thought wholly otherwise. To him, in his simple power of judging for himself, and seldom budging from that judgment, there was no one fit to dream of in comparison with her. Often, in this state of mind, he longed to come forward and let them know what he thought concerning the whole of it. But Albert could not see his way towards doing any good with it; and, being of a bashful mind, he kept his heart in order.

CHAPTER IV.

The stir of the general rising of the kingdom against the King had not disturbed these places yet beyond what might be borne with. Everybody liked to talk, and everybody else was ready to put in a word or two; broken heads, however, were as yet the only issue. So that when there came great news of a real battle fought, and lost, by Englishmen against Englishmen, the indignation of all the country ran against both parties.

Baron de Wichehalse had been thinking, after his crop of hay was in—for such a faithful hay they have that it will not go from root to rick by less than two months of worrying—from time to time, and even in the middle of his haycocks, this good lord had not been able to perceive his proper course. Arguments there were that sounded quite as if a baby must be perfectly convinced by them; and then there would be quite a different line of reason taken by some one who knew all about it and despised the opposite. So that many of a less decided way of thinking every day embraced whatever had been last confuted.

This most manly view of matters and desire to give fair play was scorned, of course, by the fairer (and unfaire) half of men. Frida counted all as traitors who opposed their liege the King.

"Go forth, my Lord; go forth and fight," she cried to Viscount Auberley, when the doubtful combat of Edgehill was firing new pugnacity; "if I were a man, think you that I would let them do so?"

"Alas! fair mistress, it will take a many men to help it. But, since you bid me thus away—hi! Dixon, get my trunks packed!" And then, of course, her blushing roses faded to a lily white; and then, of course, it was his duty to support her slender form; neither were those dulcet murmurs absent which for ever must be present when the female kind begin to have the best of it.

So they went on once or twice, and would have gone on fifty times if fortune had allowed them thus to hang on one another. All the world was fair around them; and themselves, as fair as any, vouched the whole world to attest their everlasting constancy.

But one soft November evening, when the trees were full of drops, and gentle mists were creeping up the channels of the moorland, and snipes (come home from foreign parts) were cheeping at their borings, and every weary man was gladdened by the glance of a bright wood fire, and smell of what was over it, there happened to come, on a jaded horse, a man, all hat, and cape, and boots, and mud, and sweat, and grumbling. All the people saw at once that it was quite impossible to make at all too much of him, because he must be full of news, which (after victuals) is the greatest need of human nature. So he had his own way as to everything he ordered; and, having ridden into much experience of women, kept himself as warm as could be, without any jealousy.

This stern man bore urgent order for the Viscount Auberley to join the King at once at Oxford, and bring with him all his gathering. Having gathered no men yet, but spent the time in plucking roses and the wild myrtles of Devonshire love, the young Lord was for once a little taken aback at this order. Moreover, though he had been grumbling, half a dozen times a day—to make himself more precious—about the place and the people, and the way they cooked his meals, he really meant it less and less as he came to know the neighbourhood. These are things which nobody can understand without seeing them.

"I grieve, my Lord," said the worthy Baron, "that you must leave us in this hot haste." On the whole, however, this excellent man was partly glad to be quit of him.

"And I am deeply indebted to your Lordship for the grievance; but it must be so. Que voulez vous? You talk the French, mon Baron."

"With a Frenchman, my Lord; but not when I have the honour to speak with an Englishman."

"Ah, there! Foreign again! My Lord, you will never speak English."

De Wichehalse could never be quite sure, though his race had been long in this country, whether he or they could speak born English as it ought to be.

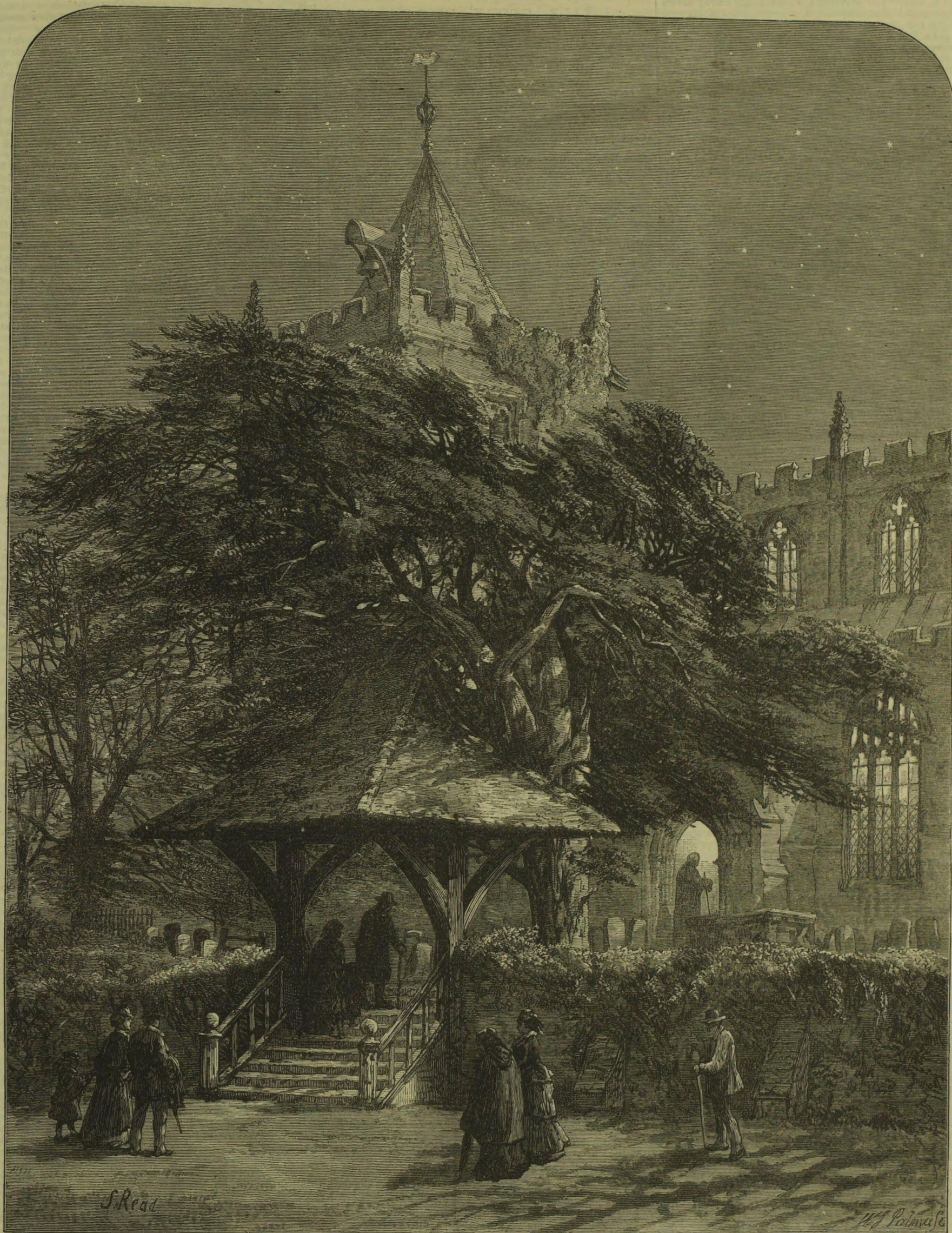
(Continued on page 556.)



"WHEN WE WERE BOYS TOGETHER"—DRAWN BY A. MUIR.

I remember you, Jack, when no bigger than that little girl at your knee,
And surely no twin brothers ever so lovingly cronied as we;
We lived but one life, so it seemed: both were breeched on the very same day,
We rode on one pony to school, stuck together at work and at play.
Your foes felt my big, clumsy fist, as weighty as any sledge-hammer,
While you did my difficult sums, and undid the knots in my grammar.
When Holiday threw wide the school-door, what boisterous fooling and funning!
O the boating, and batting and bowling! the racketing, wrestling, and running!

And don't you remember the time you twice kicked the football to goal,
When we Gloynes men the Fisherites beat in all that day's games on the Mole?
One winter so gloriously cold—we thought it was glorious then—
What a mountainous snowball we rolled, and blocked up the door of Old Ben.
In the long summer eves you would sit in that willow o'erhanging the stream,
I busily fishing below, you as busily weaving a dream.
And now we are here, my dear fellow, both hale, in the land of the living,
With *your* children's children around you—thank God for the taking and giving!—J. L.



EVENSONG.—DRAWN BY S. READ.

I see in memory still
The church on Marlow hill—
Our dear old parish-church, that it's fair summit crowned ;
And ah ! the happy meetings,
Warm hand-clasps, tender greetings,
Of families and friends and lovers thither bound ;
All praise seemed holier there,
More reverent the prayer,
Though droned by village-folk from twenty hamlets round ;

The lich-gate at its front ;
The tower which I was wont
By ivy stairs to climb, in search of jackdaw's nest—
That thick set, sturdy tower,
Which stood a sign of power,
Heedless though winter raved or summer airs caressed ;—
All, all come back again,
With pleasure touched with pain,
And many a sweet-sad thought is surging in my breast.

Bright vision of the past !
The painter's skill at last
Has made thee to the present rightly to belong.
As in a fairy story
The past comes back in glory.
Of one fair Christmas Eve what gracious memories throng !
The dear old church that night
Shone as with heavenly light,
And angel voices joined in that blest Evensong.—J. L.

MUSIC.

Last Saturday's Crystal Palace Concert was rendered commemorative of the death of Mozart, that event having occurred on Dec. 5, 1791. The selection was accordingly chiefly drawn from the works of that composer. The instrumental pieces were the bright and pretty overture which he wrote for Bianchi's opera, "La Vilanella Rapita" (in 1779); the beautiful piano-forte concerto in E flat, belonging to the year 1785; and the grand symphony in G minor composed in 1783. The concerto was admirably played by Miss Agnes Zimmermann, the required cadenzas (left to be improvised or provided by the player) having been her own composition. In these elaborate interpolations, and in her playing generally, Miss Zimmermann was greatly applauded. The orchestral pieces were, of course, worthily rendered by the fine band conducted by Mr. Manns. The vocal selections from Mozart were the aria, "Quando Miro" (1781), finely sung by Miss Sterling; and the air, "In accenti di lamenti," from his early opera, "Zaida" (1780) expressively given by Mdlle. St. Alba. Miss Sterling's rich and sympathetic contralto voice (extending to the compass of a mezzo-soprano) was again displayed with marked effect in German lieder by Schubert, Schumann, and Mendelssohn; which were sung by her (to the original text) with excellent appreciation of their several styles. These were accompanied by Miss Zimmermann. Meyerbeer's romanza, "Roberto," by Mdlle. St. Alba, and Mr. Sullivan's "Ouverture di Ballo," were the closing pieces of the programme. At the concert of to-day (Saturday)—the last of the year—Dr. von Bülow will play Liszt's concerto in E flat; and the selection will terminate with Beethoven's Choral Symphony.

This week's Monday Popular Concert drew a crowded audience, and again included the admirable pianoforte-playing of Dr. Hans von Bülow, who was heard in Bach's "Chromatic Fantasia" (encored, and replaced by a gavotte of Gluck); in Schumann's trio (in F) for piano, violin, and violoncello; and Beethoven's sonata in G (op. 96) for the two former instruments. M. Sainton was the leading violinist, and Signor Piatti the violoncellist. The quartet was Mendelssohn's in E minor, from op. 44 (with Mr. L. Ries as second violin and Mr. Zerbini as viola). Mr. Sims Reeves was the vocalist, and Mr. Zerbini the accompanist. The concert of Monday next will be the last of the year—an interval being allowed for the Christmas vacation—the date of the next performance being Jan. 12, 1874.

Dr. von Bülow's fourth and last pianoforte recital took place on Wednesday. The programme included Schubert's posthumous sonata in A major; that by Beethoven in E flat from op. 27, and the same composer's thirty-two variations in C minor; besides miscellaneous pieces by other composers.

The fourth ballad concert (and the last previous to Christmas) was given on Wednesday evening, when the selection offered attractions similar to those of the previous concerts.

The second concert of the Wagner Society was to take place yesterday (Friday) evening, when the promised programme included selections from the composer's operas, "Rienzi," "Tannhäuser," and "Lohengrin," besides his "Kaisermarsch," and pieces by Liszt and Von Bülow. Of the performances we must speak next week.

Simultaneously with last night's Wagner Society's concert, the Sacred Harmonic Society was giving its forty-second annual Christmas performance of "The Messiah." Another performance of "The Messiah" at Exeter Hall will be repeated, under the direction of Sir Michael Costa, next Friday, the 19th inst., when Madame Sherrington, Miss Enriquez, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Mr. Lewis Thomas will be the principal vocalists.

The production, for the first time in England, of Bach's "Christmas Oratorio," at the concert of the Royal Albert Choral Society, on Monday next, is looked forward to with great interest.

THEATRES.

In fulfilment of our promise last week, we proceed with a fuller account of the reproduction of Beaumarchais's famous comedy at the Olympic. "The Marriage of Figaro," of Beaumarchais, was the result of its author's visit to Spain, and on its production in 1784, at the Théâtre Français, was at once accepted as a political work of great significance; and, in point of fact, was an element in the forthcoming revolution, which it aided in effecting. Its popularity was such that, on the first night of its representation, a large number of persons occupied the theatre from the morning; and it also held its position on the stage from week to week for no less than two years. No doubt the original idea of the plot was derived from some Spanish dramatists. We have previously had the work in more than one shape on the English stage; now, under the leading title of "The Follies of a Day," and now under that of "The Marriage of Figaro"—now as an opera or melodrama, and now as a farce. Mr. J. Mortimer has aspired to present it to the British stage in a more important form, accompanied with appropriate music selected from Mozart's opera, skilfully arranged by J. Mallandaine. It now comes before us as a drama, in four acts, and claiming to rank as a comedy with Sheridan's "School for Scandal"; wherefore the adapter denominates it "The School for Intrigue." The leading characters in it are sustained by Mr. Neville and Miss Fowler, who as Count Almaviva and Suzanne are admirable representatives of these telling parts, while that of Figaro falls to the lot of Mr. Righton, who sustains it with excellent sangfroid. The Countess is supported by Miss Edith Gray, and Cherubino by Mr. W. H. Fisher. These characters comprehend the moral of the composition, which is to set forth the vice of high life—honour ever on the lips, and infidelity in the heart—while the promiscuous affections of all parties, except one, would bring shame on any class, and make each house a bordel. The excepted one is a gipsy wail who has strayed from his tent to take office as a servitor among civilised people, and as such regards their vices with indifference, except so far as he can profit by their exhibition. It is the natural man pitted against the artificial, and winning the game by his imperturbable good humour. We sympathise with Figaro in all his difficulties and admire his adroitness; and when at last he gets entangled in the web of sophistries and doubts of the woman he loves sincerely, we pity him in his sorrow and rejoice in his ultimate triumph. Of this woman, equivocal as she is in conduct, we learn at last to think highly, and take a strong interest in her fortunes. Miss Fowler was exceedingly natural in the part, graceful and charming, and from the first scene to the last shed over the whole an enlightening ray, like a fairy intelligence in a dark forest charming the fauns and satyrs with the brightness of her presence. We trust that the performance may be appreciated, and this excellent comedy enjoy a prolonged run.

The committee of the Newport Market Refuge and Industrial School, Soho, earnestly appeal for funds. The resources of the charity are nearly exhausted, and unless fresh donations and subscriptions are received the refuge and school must be closed.

The Coloured Picture.

"LITTLE GOODY TWO-SHOES."

This world is enchanted.
In the present as past
The glamour is cast
Of the magical spell.
Nor alone in deep glen,
Or by soft-tinkling well,
Where glad moonbeams play;
But here, among men,
At our side, in broad day,
Do fairy-folk dwell.

But a double enchantment,
By black art supplied,
So bewitches our sight,
That to us is denied
The blessing to see
These creatures of light
Who dwell by our side,
For you and for me;
For our vision too clear,
So radiantly bright;
Yet we feel they are here,
As the blind only know
The warm sunny glow
By feeling, not sight.

But just as a prism
Light's secret reveals,
So Fancy's pure chiasm
The closed eye unseals.
And folk at our side
Become glorified,
As clouds that were dun
Wax bright in the sun.

Here's a dear Goody Two-Shoes
An artist has caught,
A sweet little fairy
Fresh from Fairyland brought.

This bright Goody, though,
Is not she whom we know—
The portionless maid
Of nursery fame,
Who, so good, came to be
A lady of high degree.
Though another, the same,
As helpful as she,
But fairer and better.
Who once that has seen
This dear Elfin Queen,
Can ever forget her?
For this winsome Missy,
In house-lore called Cissy,
(O, breathe low her name!)
Has grown, be it known,
The charmingest dame;
Not a Juno at all,
But daintily small;
An epitome she
Of all that can be
In womanhood sweetest,
And neatest, completest.

So thousands will grow,
Bud, blossom, and blow;
Right helpful the while,
With ever a smile
Our cares to beguile,
A tear for our woe.
These dear Little Goodies—
The salt of the earth—
Are evermore springing,
New happiness bringing
The homes of their birth.
So loving, they flee not
From beings so cold;
We so blinded, we see not
The angels we hold.—J. LATEY.

CHRISTMAS DAY IN AUSTRALIA.

Old Father Christmas, in the time-honoured procession of ancient English mummers at this sacred and festive season, used to make his welcome appearance wearing a thick robe lined with fur, and otherwise snugly fortified against the winter cold. If the venerable masquerade were still in vogue among our fellow-Englishmen who have made for themselves and their children a new home in the southern hemisphere, Old Father Christmas would have to put on a very different fashion of dress. A linen blouse and a light straw hat would be more comfortable, we suppose, for the kind old patron of their consecrated social mirth in the blazing summer of that opposite terrestrial region. For it is a fact known to every British schoolboy and girl that, as the globe in which we live spins round an axis rather oblique to its annual circuit through space about the sun, the north and the south latitudes of its surface receive their periodical share of the more direct solar rays at contrary times of the year. Hence we are shivering while they of our antipodes must be sweating; and they in turn may take it coolly when some of us will grumble at the heat. But how should we like in our summer a temperature of 100 Fahrenheit degrees in the shade? That is quite within the range of colonial experiences, as we learn from the meteorological reports of the Melbourne Observatory from 1858 to 1871. The maximum in the shade has risen in some years even to 111 degrees at Melbourne, but only during the few hours of a hot wind blowing from the torrid plains of the interior. It has, indeed, they assure us, occurred but on forty-nine days in the lapse of fourteen years at Melbourne that the thermometer has reached 100 degrees. The mean temperature in January, the hottest month, is officially stated at 66.6 degrees, while at Sydney it is 70.9 degrees. But there are some inland districts both of Victoria and New South Wales, shut off by a range of mountains from the sea breezes and the rain-clouds they should bring, which are doomed to suffer a much greater allowance of Christmas excessive warmth.

In spite of this condition of the climate, it appears from our Illustration, drawn by Mr. W. Ralston, that the squatters and diggers are bravely disposed to enjoy themselves al fresco with the roast turkey and plum-pudding, and the after-dinner bowl of punch, that we should consider appropriate to Christmas Day in our own native land. Such luxuries, indeed, can scarcely have been the Chinese fare of this party of sturdy good fellows, whom our Artist has represented as he may often have seen them when he lived in Australia. They are gold-diggers, in the first sketch taking holiday rest outside their huts; in the second, encamped on their road to "a new rush"; each man carrying his moderate rate of "swag" or personal baggage, with their "billy" or can for boiling water, and the frying-pan for their simple cookery, sufficing every want in a tramp of several hundred miles. Nay, they have a sort of tent, even here, slung for the night between two trees; and we see that they have had a bottle of whisky or brandy, which has served to honour the toast of "Auld Lang Syne!" previous to the singing of that beloved song by the true-hearted Scotchman with his arms duly crossed over his manly bosom. A neighbouring stock-rider, who has caught sight of these chums travelling on the border of his run, comes in to share their social mirth, but is too late for his share of the liquor. The bottle is empty; and it is probable that the last drop may have been given to the negro, not a native Australian, but an immigrant, perhaps a runaway sailor, whom we saw in the first scene, if it so happen that the useful "darkey" follows this party to try their luck at the newly-opened diggings.

The Rev. Gerald Molloy, D.D., late Professor of Theology at Maynooth, has been appointed Professor of Natural Philosophy in the Irish Catholic University. He has presented the University with philosophical instruments valued at £600.

The new volume of the "Post Office London Directory" for the coming year, 1874, is published by Messrs. Kelly and Co., a few days earlier than usual, but has admitted some completing or correcting details of information to the end of November. It contains, for example, a list of the members of the newly-elected London School Board, the most recent judicial appointments, and the two new Benchers of the Inner Temple, while it has dropped the names of persons deceased in the course of last month. The bulk of the volume is increased by forty pages in the several departments of the street directory, the commercial, the trades, and the Court directory. There is now to be a moderate addition to its price.

THE MAGAZINES.

The Cornhill is certainly less fortunate than usual in its leading fiction. "Young Brown," though undeniably clever, is not merely disagreeable and cynical, but abounds with thinly-disguised personality, transgressing the limits of social amenity, even more than of literary taste. Nor can "Zelda's Fortune," now approaching its conclusion, be enumerated among Mr. Francillon's happiest efforts. We turn with pleasure to the miscellaneous contributions, which are fully up to the usual standard. The best is the very entertaining and, although by no means sympathetic, by no means unjust, sketch of the members of "the Fourth Estate" in France. Our press and our public may equally congratulate themselves that journalism is not ordinarily here, as there, a path to office. An article on elementary-school teaching as a pursuit for ladies, while displaying its advantages equally to the sex and the scholars in a strong light, concludes with the salutary admonition that physical strength is even more requisite than intellectual. A paper on the Christian archæology of Rome, and another on the Tuscan Joe Miller, Arlotto, are excellent specimens of the refined yet popular disquisitions on intellectual subjects in which this periodical especially excels. *Macmillan* is unusually interesting this month. We must not spoil the pleasure of the readers of Mr. Black's beautiful story, but cannot refrain from stating that the conclusion is happy. Dr. Schwartz's "Religion of Goethe" is, perhaps, the most interesting contribution to any of the magazines. Being designed to set forth Goethe's ideal rather than his actual practice, it may be deemed in some respects too favourable to him; but, after all, it can hardly be held to transgress the limits prescribed by the undoubted right of every man of genius to be judged by his best; while a more beautiful collection of thoughts, united by a finer and firmer thread of conscious moral purpose, it would be difficult to find. Mr. Sedley Taylor's article on Galileo, besides establishing the astronomer's unswerving belief in the truth of the Copernican system, pins the Infallibilists down to a distinct admission of Papal error on the principles set forth by themselves. "A Lincolnshire Rector" agreeably illustrates numerous passages in Mr. Tennyson's poems by the characteristic scenery of his native county; and the widely different aspects of Spanish peasant-life are picturesquely treated in a sequel to the previous paper on the same subject. Mr. Simcox's "Mirage" is a highly successful study in the manner of Mr. Rossetti, and his ditty "after the Chinese" rises even higher above the average level of magazine poetry.

The views of one eminent sculptor respecting another should be worth having, and Mr. Story's essay upon Phidias in the pages of *Blackwood*, if not strictly a contribution to æsthetic criticism, demonstrates at least the soundness of his classical scholarship. He produces good arguments for considering that Phidias never wrought in marble, and that none of the friezes and metopes of the Parthenon were even designed by him, though he unquestionably bestowed a general supervision on the work. "A Story of the Rock" is an agreeable example of the style of military fiction characteristic of *Blackwood*. More interest attaches to two papers of a political character. In "The Conservative Party and National Education" we observe with pleasure a most unusual candour and fairness, and a disposition to regard the question from the point of view of the general good, irrespective of party considerations. If this method of dealing with the matter is really the best for Conservative interests, so much the better for the Conservatives. A finely-written paper on the political situation in France is from the pen of a disappointed Legitimist, who cannot forgive the Count de Chambord for his *gran rifiuto*, and prognosticates, as a consequence, the triumph of Democratic Imperialism, of the Prince Napoleon type. The ephemeral character of Marshal MacMahon's administration is assumed as self-evident, from which we infer that it is destined to endure for a considerable time.

We wish there were nothing worse to be said of the article on Mill's autobiography in *Fraser* than that it is the work of a stupid, or at least of an obtuse, person, utterly incompetent to appreciate moral or intellectual greatness. Its admission into pages so frequently honoured by contributions from the illustrious dead is deeply discreditable to the present management of the magazine. "The Future of Farming" is a thoughtful paper, prognosticating an accession of political influence to the agricultural class. "A Review of Spanish Struggles for Liberty" takes a more favourable view of the prospects of the Republic than is usually entertained. We should feel more confidence in the writer's judgment of the future if he showed himself better acquainted with the past. He might have saved himself a good deal of paradoxical vituperation of England's interference in Spanish affairs during the Peninsular War if he had remembered that our aid was not primarily destined for Spain, but for Portugal. "A Trip into Bosnia" and "The Historical Manuscripts' Commission" are interesting contributions; and "A Cutcherry Intrigue" is so graphic that, in spite of the writer's protests, it is difficult to avoid the suspicion that incidents and characters are equally derived from life.

The most remarkable paper in the *Fortnightly*, Mr. F. W. Newman's "Modern Christology," in reply to Mr. W. R. Greg, we can only, in this place, describe as characterised by the most salient of the author's points of difference from his celebrated brother—his singular unimaginativeness. Mr. Symons's masterly versions from Boiardo's "Orlando Innamorato" will, we trust, do much to popularise a neglected poet, whose decided but unacknowledged superiority to his more celebrated successor, Ariosto, is that which pure Nature always asserts over conscious Art. Boiardo flourished on the verge of two periods, at the one only moment when the naïveté of an age of chivalry admitted of combination with the refinement of an age of culture. No such moment can recur in the history of modern European literature, and its one consummate memorial should be esteemed an invaluable treasure. Mr. Symons's criticism is as fine as his translation. Sir C. W. Dilke contributes a spirited plea for gratuitous education, and Mr. Leslie Stephen an able review of Taine's history of English literature. The brilliant Frenchman's utter inability to enter into the peculiar spirit of our literature is forcibly depicted. Frenchmen can seldom comprehend anything in another country for which they cannot find a precedent in their own; and, with every respect to the excellences of their literature, it is to ours as a lake to an ocean.

Unless subsequent instalments of Mrs. Browning's letters to Mr. R. H. Home prove more interesting than the present, the expectations aroused by the announcement of their publication in the *Contemporary Review* will be disappointed. Those at present published bear date 1839, and relate to literary topics now of very slight interest. Mr. Fitzjames Stephen's essay on Parliamentary Government is a valuable piece of criticism. We think, however, that really organic reforms in any system of government can only come from those who are convinced of its essential reasonableness, not those who, like Mr. Stephen in this instance, regard it as an infliction to be mitigated and endured. Dr. Littledale's paper on "The Relation of the Clergy to Politics" is as brilliant, paradoxical, and suggestive as usual with him. He sim-

cerely believes in the possibility of reconciling clerical influence with advanced political Liberalism: the mass both of clericals and of Liberals know better. Mr. Capes's notice of Mill's autobiography contains some just observations, such as his remarks on the slight influence exercised on the development of Mill's intellect by his Greek studies. Some strictures on what he terms the mythical character of Mill's account of his education are founded on his own oversight in mistaking the date of the elder Mill's appointment to the India House.

The most valuable contributions to a generally readable number of *Saint Pauls* are two able criticisms on two remarkable men—the Hon. Roden Noel's essay on Byron and "Henry Holbeach's" notes on Mill's autobiography. Each has the cardinal merits of fullness of sympathy, of an earnest and thoughtful endeavour to enter into the intimate nature of the character described, and of a generous breadth of view. Mr. Noel's language is, moreover, distinguished by dignity and eloquence.

Among the selections of the *Transatlantic* we have to note a review of the schemes proposed for amending the faulty electoral machinery of the United States, a capital ghost story, an interesting sketch of the secluded rustic population of Eastern Tennessee, and, above all, the continuation of Mr. Welles's disclosures of the deliberations of President Lincoln's Cabinet during the early days of Secession. As we have always supposed, the apparently unaccountable vacillation of the Washington Government proves to have been due to the influence of Mr. Seward, a politician so accustomed to carry his point by intrigue that the idea of a resort to arms was intolerable to him.

Beyond some unpublished letters of Charles Lamb's in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, pleasant but not of extraordinary interest, the lighter periodicals contain little worthy of special note. We can only say, in general terms, that *Temple Bar*, the *Argosy*, *Belgravia*, and *London Society*, are fairly readable. The most valuable contribution to *Good Words* is Professor Wyville Thomson's interesting report of the scientific voyage of the Challenger. We may also notice the conclusion of Principal Tulloch's excellent biography of William the Silent, and four stanzas of unusual tenderness, entitled "The Cycle," and subscribed "C. Brooke."

We have, in addition, received the New Monthly, the Victoria, the Monthly Packet, Town and Country, Cassell's Magazine, the Quiver, Golden Hours, and the Sunday Magazine.

Christmas Numbers have been issued in connection with *Belgravia*, *Tinsley's Magazine*, the *Monthly Packet*, *Good Words*, *All the Year Round*, and *Once a Week*. Routledge's Christmas Annual has also been published.

"EQUO NE CREDITE TEUCRI!"

To realise the allusion of the title of this amusing picture by Mr. Briton Rivière (which we engrave from the Dudley Gallery Exhibition) it is not necessary to recount the whole story of the capture of Troy as told by Æneas to Queen Dido. Readers of Virgil will remember the circumstances under which the words quoted occur. The Greeks pretended to have raised the siege and fled, leaving behind them in their haste the colossal horse which Sinon falsely asserted to have been constructed by them to appease the offended Minerva. What to do with the monster the Trojans (or Teucri, as they were called, after the name of their founder) knew not. Some proposed to burn it, some to cast it into the sea, or bore into its hollow inside; but Thymotes was for dragging it into the citadel as a trophy. Thereupon Laocoon, the priest, rushed from the citadel, exclaiming, "What madness do I hear? O misguided citizens, beware! Some wile is here; trust not the horse, O ye Teucri! Mischievous it bodes. Greeks and their gifts I fear." So, in a very droll sort of paraphrase, the artist addresses these little Teucri, as they try to maintain their seat on the back of that great ungainly brute. Trust not the monster. He is full of mischief; he is wily, and vicious, and obstinate; he will surely compass your fall, O ye brave little Trojans! He is halting and stumbling now; he may bolt presently; look at the vicious set of his ears; look at that backward, wily turn of the evil eye; look at that Roman nose—what obstinacy does it not indicate! How resentfully he pulls at the cord, and how little does your puny strength avail to thwart the gigantic brute, O thou too daring and trustful chief of the Lilliputian Trojans!

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turret of stone, built by Inigo Jones, no longer contains the main entrance porch.

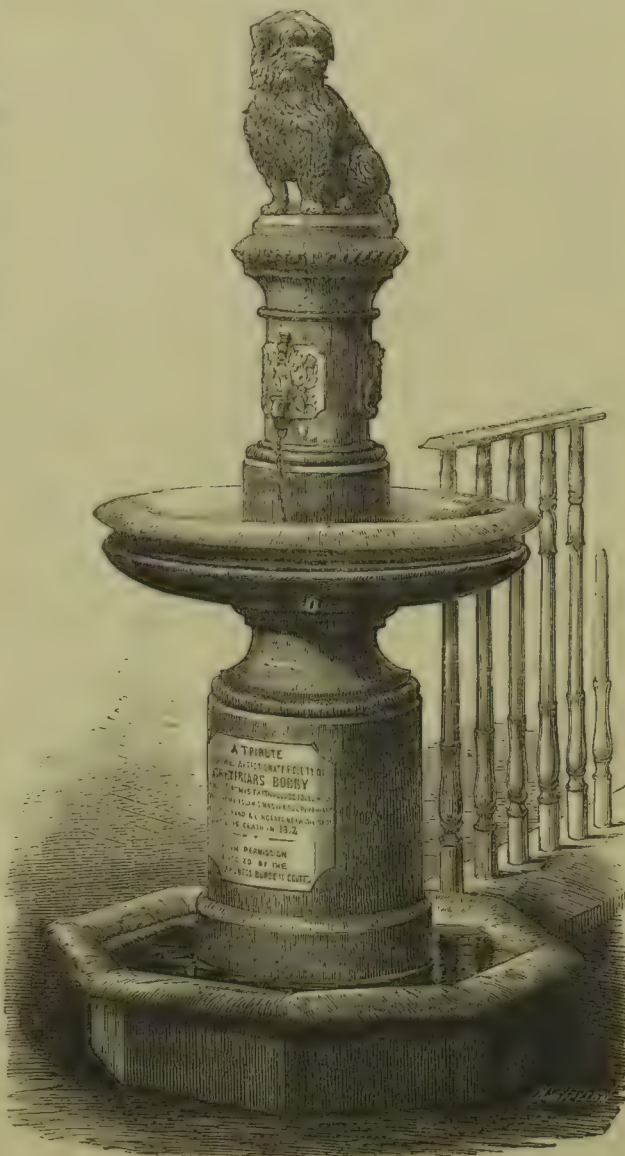
GENERAL WASHINGTON RYAN.

The execution at Santiago, in Cuba, of the American and British citizens captured on board the blockade-running steamer *Virginus*, while attempting to convey arms and warlike stores from Jamaica for the Cuban insurgents against the Spanish Government, has nearly provoked war between Spain and the United States. The *Virginus* was cut off by two Spanish frigates on Oct. 30, and surrendered without resistance. The crew and passengers were manacled and landed at Santiago, where the prisoners were placed in gaol. Among them were Generals Varona, Del Sol, Cespedes, and Ryan, and some twenty Jamaica labouring men or mechanics. On Nov. 5 the four Generals were taken out and shot in front of the slaughter-house—Cespedes and Del Sol first, then Ryan and Varona; the two latter, refusing to kneel, were rather

roughly handled, but were presently dispatched. General Bernabo Varona, a young Cuban officer educated in the United States, was chief in command of the party on board the *Virginus*; next to him were Colonel José Jesus del Sol, Pedro Cespedes, and General Ryan, the other three who were shot with Varona. Washington Ryan was an Irish-American, who had been engaged in the Cuban service since the breaking out of the rebellion. He had much to do with the fitting out of gun-boats that were built for the Cubans in New York in 1869, and he was arrested when they were seized. He was again arrested in another vessel which attempted to sail from New York to Cuba; and he had in many ways made his name notorious as a Cuban agent. Colonel del Sol was a wealthy Cuban, who during four years had held a command in the insurgent army. He was about forty years old, and his family live in New York. Pedro Cespedes was a brother of the President of the Cuban Republic. About fifty other men taken in the *Virginus* were executed on the 7th and 8th ult. Among them were Juan Agnerro, a wealthy planter, sixty-five years old, who struck the first blow in the insurrection, which began five years ago; Captain Gratz Brown, an American of Philadelphia, who had been for some time in the service of the insurgents as a spy; Senor Santa Rosa, a Cuban by birth, but a naturalised American citizen, who was a determined blockade-runner, and was released from prison in Havannah only three months ago by the intercession of the American Government; and Senor Hernandez, a wealthy planter of Matanzas. The other members of the expedition were chiefly young Cubans, who had been living some time in the United States. Nearly all left relatives behind them in that country. The Spanish Government at Madrid has complied with the demands of the United States by sending orders to the Governor of Cuba to restore the *Virginus* to her owners, with an apology to the American and British Governments for the slaughter of their subjects. The Portrait of General Washington Ryan is from a photograph by Mr. Brady, of New York.



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TITA'S WAGER.

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AUTHOR OF "THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON,"
"A DAUGHTER OF HETH," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

FRANZISKA.

It is a Christmas morning—cold, still, and grey, with a frail glimmer of sunshine coming through the bare trees to melt the hoar-frost on the lawn. The postman has just gone out, swinging the gate behind him. A fire burns brightly in the breakfast-room; and there is silence about the house, for the children have gone off to climb Box-hill before being marched to church.

The small and gentle lady who presides over this household walks sedately in, and lifts the solitary letter that is lying on her plate. About three seconds suffice to let her run through its contents, and then she suddenly cries,

"I knew it! I said it! I told you two months ago she was only flirting with him; and now she has rejected him. And, oh! I am so glad of it! The poor boy!"

The other person in the room, who has been meekly waiting for his breakfast for half an hour, ventures to point out that there is nothing to rejoice over in the fact of a young man having been rejected by a young woman.

"If it were final, yes! If these two young folks were not certain to go and marry somebody else, you might congratulate them both. But you know they will. The poor boy will go courting again in three months' time, and be vastly pleased with his condition."

"Oh, never, never!" she says; "he has had such a lesson. You know I warned him. I knew she was only flirting with him. Poor Charlie! Now I hope he will get on with his profession, and leave such things out of his head. And as for that creature—"

"I will do you the justice to say," observes her husband, who is still regarding the table with a longing eye, "that you did oppose this match, because you hadn't the making of it. If you had brought these two together they would have been married ere this. Never mind; you can marry him to somebody of your own choosing, now."

"No; he must not think of marriage. He cannot think of it. It will take the poor lad a long time to get over this blow."

"He will marry within a year."

"I will bet you whatever you like that he doesn't," she says, triumphantly.

"Whatever I like! That is a big wager. If you lose, do you think you could pay? I should like, for example, to have my own way in my own house."

"If I lose you shall," says the generous creature; and the bargain is concluded.

Nothing further is said about this matter for the moment. The children return from Box-hill, and are rigged out for church. Two young people, friends of ours, and recently married, having no domestic circle of their own, and having promised to spend the whole of Christmas Day with us, arrive. Then we set out, trying as much as possible to think that Christmas Day is different from any other day, and pleased to observe that the younger folk, at least, cherish the delusion.

But just before we reach the church, I say to the small lady who got the letter in the morning, and whom we generally call Tita,

"When do you expect to see Charlie?"

"I don't know," she answers. "After this cruel affair he won't like to go about much."

"You remember that he promised to go with us to the Black Forest?"

"Yes; and I am sure it will be a pleasant trip for him."

"Shall we go to Hüferschingen?"

"I suppose so."

"Franziska is a pretty girl."

Now, you would not think that any great mischief could be done by the mere remark that Franziska was a pretty girl. Anybody who had seen Franziska Fahler, niece of the proprietor of the "Goldenen Bock" in Hüferschingen would admit that in a moment. But this is nevertheless true, that Tita was very thoughtful during the rest of our walk to this little church; and in church, too, she was thinking so deeply that she almost forgot to look at the effect of the decorations she had nailed up the day before. Yet nothing could have offended her in the bare observation that Franziska was a pretty girl.

At dinner, in the evening, we had our two guests and a few young fellows from London who did not happen to have their families or homes there. Curiously enough, there was a vast deal of talk about travelling, and also about Baden, and more particularly about the southern districts of Baden. Tita said the Black Forest was the most charming place in the world; and as it was Christmas Day, and as we had been listening to a sermon all about charity, and kindness, and consideration for others, nobody was rude enough to contradict her. But our forbearance was put to a severe test when, after dinner, she produced a photographic album and handed it round, and challenged everybody to say whether the young lady in the corner was not absolutely lovely. Most of them said that she was certainly very nice-looking; and Tita seemed a little disappointed. I perceived that it would no longer do to say that Franziska was a pretty girl. We should henceforth have to swear by everything we held dear that she was absolutely lovely.

CHAPTER II.

ZUM GOLDENEN BOCK.

We felt some pity for the lad when we took him abroad with us; but it must be confessed that at first he was not a very desirable travelling companion. There was a gloom about him. Despite the eight months that had elapsed, he professed that his old wound was still open. Tita treated him with the kindest maternal solicitude, which was a great mistake: tonics, not sweets, are required in such cases. Yet he was very grateful; and he said, with a blush, that, in any case, he would not rail against all women because of the badness of one. Indeed, you would not have fancied he had any great grudge against womankind. There were a great many English abroad that autumn, and we met whole batches of pretty girls at every station and every table d'hôte on our route. Did he avoid them, or glare at them savagely, or say hard things of them? Oh, no!—quite the reverse. He was a little shy at first; and when he saw a party of distressed damsels in a station, with their bewildered father in vain attempting to make himself understood to a porter, he would assist them in a brief and business-like manner, as if it were a duty, lift his cap, and then march off, relieved. But by-and-by he began to make acquaintances in the hotels; and, as he was a handsome, English-looking lad, who bore a certificate of honesty in his clear grey eyes and easy gait, he was rather made much of. Nor could any fault be decently found with his appetite.

So we passed on from Königswinter to Coblenz, and

from Coblenz to Heidelberg, and from Heidelberg south to Freiburg, where we bade adieu to the last of the towns and laid hold of a trap with a pair of ancient and angular horses, and plunged into the Hölenthal, the first great gorge of the Black Forest mountains. From one point to another we slowly urged our devious course, walking the most of the day indeed, and putting the trap and ourselves up for the night at some quaint roadside hostelry, where we ate of roe-deer, and drank of Affenthaler, and endeavoured to speak German with a pure Waldshut accent. And then one evening, when there was a clear green-and-gold sky overhead, and when the last rays of the sun were shining along the hills and touching the stems of the tall pines, we drove into a narrow valley and caught sight of a strange building of wood, with projecting eaves and quaint windows, that stood close by the forest.

"Here is my dear inn," cried Tita, with a great glow of delight and affection in her face. "Here is *mein gutes Thal!* Ich grüß dich ein tausend Mal! And here is old Peter come out to see us; and there is Franziska!"

"Oh! this is Franziska, is it?" said Charlie.

Yes, this was Franziska. She was a well-built, handsome girl of nineteen or twenty, with a healthy, sun-burnt complexion, and dark hair plaited into two long tails which were taken up and twisted into a knot behind. That you could see from a distance. But on nearer approach you found that Franziska had really fine and intelligent features, and a pair of frank, clear, big brown eyes that had a very straight look about them. They were something of the eyes of a deer, indeed; wide apart, soft, and apprehensive, yet looking with a certain directness and unconsciousness that overcame her natural girlish timidity. Tita simply flew at her and kissed her heartily, and asked her twenty questions at once. Franziska answered in very fair English, a little slow and formal, but quite grammatical. Then she was introduced to Charlie, and she shook hands with him in a simple and unembarrassed way, and then she turned to one of the servants and gave some directions about the luggage. Finally, she begged Tita to go indoors and get off her travelling attire, which was done, leaving us two outside.

"She's a very pretty girl," Charlie said, carelessly. "I suppose she's sort of head cook and kitchen-maid here."

The impudence of these young men is something extraordinary.

"If you wish to have your head in your hands," I remarked to him, "just you repeat that remark at dinner. Why, Franziska is no end of a swell. She has two thousand pounds and the half a mill. She has a sister married to the Geheimer-Ober-Hofbaurath of Hesse-Cassel. She has visited both Paris and Munich; and she has her dresses made in Freiburg."

"But why does such an illustrious creature bury herself in this valley, and in an old inn, and go about bareheaded?"

"Because there are folks in the world without ambition, who like to live a quiet, decent, homely life. Every girl can't marry a Geheimer-Ober-Hofbaurath. Ziska, now, is much more likely to marry the young doctor here."

"Oh, indeed! and live here all her days. She couldn't do better. Happy Franziska!"

We went indoors. It was a low, large, rambling place, with one immense room all hung round with roe-deers' horns, and with one lesser room fitted up with a billiard-table. The inn lay a couple of hundred yards back from Hüferschingen, but it had been made the head-quarters of the keepers, and just outside this room were a number of pegs for them to sling their guns and bags on when they came in of an evening to have a pipe and a chopin of white wine. Ziska's uncle and aunt were both large, stout, and somnolent people, very good-natured and kind, but a trifle dull. Ziska really had the management of the place, and she was not slow to lend a hand if the servants were remiss in waiting on us. But that, it was understood, was done out of compliment to our small Queen Tita.

By-and-by we sat down to dinner, and Franziska came to see that everything was going on straight. It was a dinner "with scenery." You forgot to be particular about the soup, the venison, and the Affenthaler, when from the window at your elbow you could look across the narrow valley and behold a long stretch of the Black Forest shining in the red glow of the sunset. The lower the sun sank the more intense became the crimson light on the tall stems of the pines; and then you could see the line of shadow slowly rising up the side of the opposite hill until only the topmost trees were touched with the fire. Then these, too, lost it, and all the forest around us seemed to have a pale blue mist stealing over it as the night fell and the twilight faded out of the sky overhead. Presently the long undulations of fir would grow black, and the stars would come out, and the sound of the stream be heard distantly in the hollow; and then, as Tita knew, we should go off for a last stroll in among the soft moss and under the darkness of the pines, perhaps to startle some great capercaillie and send it flying and whirring down the glades.

When we returned from that prow into the forest we found the inn dark. Such people as may have called in had gone home; but we suspected that Franziska had given the neighbours a hint not to overwhelm us on our first arrival. When we entered the big room Franziska came in with candles; then she brought some matches, and also put on the table an odd little pack of cards, and went out. Her uncle and aunt had, even before we went out, come and bade us good night formally and shaken hands all round. They are early folk in the Black Forest.

"Where has that girl gone now?" says Charlie. "Into that lonely billiard-room? Couldn't you ask her to come in here? Or shall we go and play billiards?"

Tita stares, and then demurely smiles; but it is with an assumed severity that she rebukes him for such a wicked proposal, and reminds him that he must start early next morning. He groans assent. Then she takes her leave.

The big young man sits silent for a moment or two, with his hands in his pockets and his legs stretched out. I begin to think I am in for it—the old story of blighted hopes, and angry denunciation, and hypocritical joy, and all the rest of it. But suddenly Charlie looks up with a business-like air, and says,

"Who is that doctor fellow you were speaking about? Shall we see him to-morrow?"

"You saw him to-night. It was he who passed us on the road with the two beagles."

"What, that little fellow with the bandy legs and the spectacles?" he cries, with a great laugh.

"That little fellow," I observe to him, "is a person of some importance, I can tell you. He"—

"I suppose his sister married a Geheimer-ober-under-what the dickens is it?" says this disrespectful young man.

"Dr. Krumm has got the Iron Cross."

"That won't make his legs any the straighter."

"He was at Weisseburg."

"I suppose he got that cast in the eye there."

"He can play the zither in a way that would astonish you. He has got a little money. Franziska and he would be able to live very comfortably together."

"Franziska and that fellow?" says Charlie; and then

he rises with a sulky air, and proposes we should take our candles with us.

But he is not sulky very long; for Ziska, hearing our footsteps, comes to the passage and bids us a friendly good-night.

"Good-night, Miss Fahler!" he says, in rather a shame-faced way; "and I am so awfully sorry we have kept you up so late. We shan't do it again."

You would have thought by his manner that it was two o'clock; whereas it was only half-past eleven!

CHAPTER III.

DR. KRUMM.

There was no particular reason why Dr. Krumm should marry Franziska Fahler, except that he was the most important young man in Hüferschingen, and she was the most important young woman. People therefore thought they would make a good match; although Franziska certainly had the most to give in the way of good looks. Dr. Krumm was a short, bandy-legged, sturdy young man, with long fair hair, a tanned complexion, light blue eyes, not quite looking the same way, spectacles, and a general air of industrious common-sense about him, if one may use such a phrase. There was certainly little of the lover in his manner towards Ziska, and as little in hers towards him. They were very good friends, though, and he called her Ziska, while she gave him his nickname of Fidelio, his real name being Fidele.

Now on this, the first morning of our stay in Hüferschingen, all the population had turned out at an early hour to see us set out for the forest; and as the Ober-Förster had gone away to visit his parents in Bavaria, Dr. Krumm was appointed to superintend the operations of the day. And when everybody was busy renewing acquaintance with us, gathering in the straying dogs, examining guns and cartridge-belts, and generally aiding in the profound commotion of our setting out, Dr. Krumm was found to be talking in a very friendly and familiar manner with our pretty Franziska. Charlie eyed them askance. He began to say disrespectful things of Krumm. He thought Krumm a plain person. And then, when the bandy-legged doctor had got all the dogs, keepers, and beaters together, we set off along the road, and presently plunged into the cool shade of the forest, where the thick moss suddenly silenced our footsteps, and where there was a moist and resinous smell in the air.

Well, the incidents of the forenoon's shooting, picturesque as they were, and full of novelty to Tita's protégé, need not be described. At the end of the fourth drive, when we had got on nearly to luncheon-time, it appeared that Charlie had killed a handsome buck, and he was so pleased with this performance that he grew friendly with Dr. Krumm, who had, indeed, given him the *haupt-stelle*. But when, as we sat down to our sausages and bread and red wine, Charlie incidentally informed our commander-in-chief that, during one of the drives, a splendid yellow fox had come out of the underwood and stood and stared at him for three or four seconds, the Doctor uttered a cry of despair.

"I should have told you that," he said in English, that was not quite so good as Ziska's, "if I had remembered, yes! The English will not shoot the foxes; but they are very bad for us, they kill the young deer, we are glad to shoot them; and Franziska she told me she wanted a yellow fox for the skin to make something."

Charlie got very red in the face. He had missed a chance. If he had known that Franziska wanted a yellow fox all the instinctive veneration for that animal that was in him would have gone clean out, and the fate of the animal—for Charlie was a smart shot—would have been definitely sealed.

"Are there many of them?" said he, gloomily.

"No; not many. But where there is one there are generally four or five. In the next drive we may come on them, yes! I will put you in a good place, Sir; and you must not think of letting him go away, for Franziska, who has waited two, three weeks, and not one yellow fox not anywhere, and it is for the variety of the skin in a — a — I do not know what you call it."

"A rug, I suppose," said Charlie.

I subsequently heard that Mr. Charles went to his post with a fixed determination to shoot anything of yellow colour that came near him. His station was next to that of Dr. Krumm; but of course they were invisible to each other. The horns of the beaters sounded a warning; the gunners cocked their guns and stood on the alert; in the perfect silence each one waited for the first glimmer of a brown hide down the long green glades of young fir. Then, according to Charlie's account, by went two or three deer like lightning—all of them does. A buck came last, but swerved just as he came in sight, and backed and made straight for the line of beaters. Two more does, and then an absolute blank. One or two shots had been heard at a distance; either some of the more distant stations had been more fortunate, or one or other of the beaters had tried his luck. Suddenly there was a shot fired close to Charlie—he knew it must have been the Doctor. In about a minute afterwards he saw some pale yellow object slowly worming its way through the ferns; and here, at length, he made sure he was going to get his yellow fox. But, just as the animal came within fair distance, it turned over, made a struggle or two, and lay still. Charlie rushed along to the spot; it was, indeed, a yellow fox, shot in the head, and now as dead as a door-nail.

What was he to do? Let Dr. Krumm take home this prize to Franziska, after he had had such a chance in the forenoon? Never! Charlie fired a barrel into the air, and then calmly awaited the coming up of the beaters and the drawing together of the sportsmen.

Dr. Krumm, being at the next station, was the first to arrive. He found Charlie standing by the side of the slain fox.

"Ha!" he said, his spectacles apparently gleaming delight, "You have shotted him! You have killed him! That is very good!—that is excellent! Now, you will present the skin to Miss Franziska, if you do not wish to take it to England."

"Oh, no!" said Charlie, with a lordly indifference. "I don't care about it. Franziska may have it."

Charlie pulled me aside, and said, with a solemn wink,

"Krumm shot that fox. Mind you don't say a word. I must have the skin to present to Franziska."

I stared at him; I had never known him guilty of a dishonest action. But when you do get a decent young English fellow condescending to do anything shabby, be sure it is a girl who is the cause. I said nothing, of course; and in the evening a trap came for us, and we drove back to Hüferschingen.

Tita clapped her hands with delight; for Charlie was a favourite of hers, and now he was returning like a hero, with a sprig of fir in his cap to show that he had killed a buck.

"And here, Miss Franziska," he says, quite gaily, "here is a yellow fox for you. I was told that you wanted the skin of one."

Franziska fairly blushed for pleasure; not that the skin of a fox was very valuable to her, but that the compliment was

so open and marked. She came forward, in German fashion, and rather shyly shook hands with him, in token of her thanks.

When Tita was getting ready for dinner I told her about the yellow fox. A married man must have no secrets.

"He is not capable of such a thing," she says, with a grand air.

"But he did it," I point out. "What is more, he glories in it. What did he say when I remonstrated with him on the way home? 'Why,' says he, 'I will put an end to Krumm! I will abolish Krumm! I will extinguish Krumm!' Now, Madam, who is responsible for this? Who has been praising Franziska night and day as the sweetest, gentlest, cleverest girl in the world, until this young man determines to have a flirtation with her and astonish you?"

"A flirtation!" says Tita, faintly. "Oh, no! Oh! I never meant that."

"Ask him just now, and he will tell you that women deserve no better. They have no hearts. They are treacherous. They have beautiful eyes, but no conscience. And so he means to take them as they are, and have his measure of amusement."

"Oh! I am sure he never said anything so abominably wicked," cries Tita, laying down the rose that Franziska had given her for her hair. "I know he could not say such things. But if he is so wicked—if he has said them—it is not too late to interfere. I will see about it."

She drew herself up as if Jupiter had suddenly armed her with his thunderbolts. If Charlie had seen her at this moment he would have quailed. He might, by chance, have told the truth, and confessed that all the wicked things he had been saying about women's affection were only a sort of rhetoric; and that he had no sort of intention to flirt with poor Franziska, nor yet to extinguish and annihilate Dr. Krumm.

The heartbroken boy was in very good spirits at dinner. He was inclined to wink. Tita, on the contrary, maintained an impressive dignity of demeanour; and when Franziska's name happened to be mentioned she spoke of the young girl as her very particular friend, as though she would dare Charlie to attempt a flirtation with one who held that honour. But the young man was either blind or reckless, or acting a part for mere mischief. He pointed the finger of scorn at Dr. Krumm. He asked Tita if he should bring her a yellow fox next day. He declared he wished he could spend the remainder of his days in a Black Forest inn, with a napkin over his arm, serving chopins. He said he would brave the wrath of the Fürst by shooting a capercaillie on the very first opportunity, to bring the shining feathers home to Franziska.

When Tita and I went up stairs at night the small and gentle creature was grievously perplexed.

"I cannot make it out," she said. "He is quite changed. What is the matter with him?"

"You behold, Madam, in that young man the moral effects of vulpicide. A demon has entered into him. You remember, in 'Der Freischütz,' how?"

"Did you say vulpicide?" she asks, with a sweet smile. "I understood that Charlie's crime was that he did *not* kill the fox."

I allow her the momentary triumph. Who would grudge to a woman a little verbal victory of that sort? And, indeed, Tita's satisfaction did not last long. Her perplexity became visible on her face once more.

"We are to be here three weeks," she said, almost to herself, "and he talks of flirting with poor Franziska. Oh! I never meant that."

"But what did you mean?" I ask, with some innocent wonder.

Tita hangs down her head, and there is an end to that conversation; but one of us, at least, has some recollection of a Christmas wager.

CHAPTER IV.

CONFESSIO AMANTIS.

Charlie was not in such good spirits next morning. He was standing outside the inn in the sweet, resinous-scented air, watching Franziska coming and going, with her bright face touched by the early sunlight, and her frank and honest eyes lit up by a kindly look when she passed us. His conscience began to smite him for claiming that fox.

We spent the day in fishing a stream some few miles distant from Hüferschingen; and Franziska accompanied us. What need to tell of our success with the trout and the grayling, or of the beautiful weather, or of the attentive and humble manner in which the unfortunate youth addressed Franziska from time to time?

In the evening we drove back to Hüferschingen. It was a still, beautiful evening, with the silence of the twilight falling over the lonely valleys, and the miles upon miles of darkening pines. Charlie has not much of a voice, but he made an effort to sing with Tita,

The winds whistle cold and the stars glimmer red,
The sheep are in fold and the cattle in shed;

and the fine old glee sounded fairly well as we drove through the gathering gloom of the forest. But Tita sang, in her low sweet, fashion, that Swedish bridal song, that begins,

O welcome her so fair, with bright and flowing hair,
May Fate through life befriend her—love and smiles attend her;

and though she sang quietly, just as if she were singing to herself, we all listened with a great attention, and with great gratitude, too. When we got to Hüferschingen, the stars were out over the dark stretches of the forest, and the windows of the quaint old inn were burning brightly.

"And have you enjoyed the amusement of the day?" says Miss Fahler, rather shyly, to a certain young man who is emptying his creel of fish. He drops the basket to turn round, and look at her face, and say earnestly,

"I have never spent so delightful a day. But it wasn't the fishing." Things were becoming serious.

And next morning Charlie got hold of Tita, and said to her, in rather a shamefaced way,

"What am I to do about that fox? It was only a joke, you know; but if Miss Fahler gets to hear of it, she'll think it was rather shabby."

It was always Miss Fahler now; a couple of days before, it was Franziska.

"For my part," says Tita, "I can't understand why you did it. What honour is there in shooting a fox?"

"But I wanted to give the skin to her."

It was "her" by this time.

"Well, I think the best thing you can do is to go and tell her all about it; and also to go and apologise to Dr. Krumm."

Charlie started.

"I will go and tell her, certainly; but as for apologising to Krumm, that is absurd!"

"As you please," says Tita.

By-and-by Franziska—or, rather, Miss Fahler—came out of the small garden and round by the front of the house.

"Oh! Miss Fahler," says Charlie, suddenly, and with that she stops, and blushes slightly. "I've got something to say to you. I am going to make a confession. Don't be frightened;

it's only about a fox. The fox that was brought home the day before yesterday, Dr. Krumm shot that."

"Indeed," says Franziska, quite innocently, "I thought you shot it."

"Well, I let them imagine so. It was only a joke."

"But it is of no matter; there are many yellow foxes. Dr. Krumm can shoot them at another time. He is always here. Perhaps you will shoot one before you go."

With that Franziska passed into the house, carrying her fruit with her. Charlie was left to revolve her words in his mind. Dr. Krumm could shoot foxes when he chose; he was always here. He, Charlie, on the contrary, had to go in little more than a fortnight. There was no Franziska in England—no pleasant driving through great pine woods in the gathering twilight—no shooting of yellow foxes, to be brought home in triumph and presented to a beautiful and grateful young woman. Charlie walked along the white road, and overtook Tita, who had just sat down on a little camp-stool, and got out the materials for taking a water-colour sketch of the Hüferschingen valley. He sat down at her feet, on the warm grass.

"I suppose I shan't interrupt your painting by talking to you?" he says.

"Oh! dear, no," is the reply; and then he begins, in a somewhat hesitating way, to ask indirect questions, and drop hints, and fish for answers, just as if this small creature, who was busy with her sepias and olive-greens, did not see through all this transparent cunning. At last she said to him, frankly,

"You want me to tell you whether Franziska would make a good wife for you. She would make a good wife for any man. But then you seem to think that I should intermeddle, and negotiate, and become a go-between. How can I do that? My husband is always accusing me of trying to make up matches; and you know that isn't true."

"I know it isn't true," says the hypocrite. "But you might only this once. I believe all you say about this girl—I can see it for myself; and when shall I ever have such a chance again?"

"But, dear me!" says Tita, putting down the white pallet for a moment, "how can I believe you are in earnest? You have only known her three days."

"And that is quite enough," says Charlie, boldly, "to let you find out all you want to know about a girl, if she is of the right sort. If she isn't, you won't find out in three years. Now, look at Franziska. Look at the fine, intelligent face and the honest eyes; you can have no doubt about her; and then I have all the guarantee of your long acquaintance with her."

"Oh," says Tita, "that is all very well. Franziska is an excellent girl, as I have told you often—frank, kind, well-educated, and unselfish. But you cannot have fallen in love with her in three days?"

"Why not?" says this blunt-spoken young man.

"Because it is ridiculous. If I meddle in the affair I should probably find you had given up the fancy in other three days; or, if you did marry her and took her to England, you would get to hate me because I alone should know that you had married the niece of an innkeeper."

"Well, I like that!" says he, with a flush in his face. "Do you think I should care two straws whether my friends knew I had married the niece of an innkeeper? I should show them Franziska. Wouldn't that be enough? An innkeeper's niece! I wish the world had more of 'em, if they're like Franziska."

"And besides," says Tita, "have you any notion as to how Franziska herself would probably take this mad proposal?"

"No," says the young man, humbly. "I wanted you to try and find out what she thought about me; and if, in time, something were said about this proposal, you might put in a word or two, you know, just to—give her an idea, you know, that you don't think it quite so mad, don't you know?"

"Give me your hand, Charlie," says Tita, with a sudden burst of kindness. "I'll do what I can for you; for I know she's a good girl, and she will make a good wife to the man who marries her."

You will observe that this promise was given by a lady who never, in any circumstances whatsoever, seeks to make up matches, who never speculates on possible combinations when she invites young people to her house in Surrey, and who is profoundly indignant, indeed, when such a charge is preferred against her. Had she not, on that former Christmas morning, repudiated with scorn the suggestion that Charlie might marry before another year had passed? Had she not, in her wild confidence, staked on a wager that assumption of authority in her household and out of it without which life would be a burden to her? Yet no sooner was the name of Franziska mentioned—and no sooner had she been reminded that Charlie was going with us to Hüferschingen—than the nimble little brain set to work. Oftentimes it has occurred to one dispassionate spectator of her ways that this same Tita resembled the small object which, thrown into a dish of some liquid chemical substance, suddenly produces a mass of crystals. The constituents of those beautiful combinations, you see, were there; but they wanted some little shock to hasten on the slow process of crystallisation. Now, in our social circle we have continually observed groups of young people floating about in an amorphous and chaotic fashion—good for nothing but dawdling through dances, and flirting and carelessly separating again; but if you dropped Tita among them, then you would see how rapidly this jelly-fish sort of existence was abolished—how the groups got broken up—and how the sharp, business-like relations of marriage were precipitated and made permanent. But would she own to it? Never! She once went and married her dearest friend to a Prussian officer; and now she declares he was a selfish fellow to carry off the girl in that way, and rates him soundly because he won't bring her to stay with us more than three months out of the twelve. There are some of us get quite enough of this Prussian occupation of our territory.

"Well," says Tita to this long English lad, who is lying sprawling on the grass, "I can safely tell you this, that Franziska likes you very well."

He suddenly jumps up and there is a great blush on his face.

"Has she said so?" he asks, eagerly.

"Oh, yes! in a way. She thinks you are good-natured. She likes the English, generally. She asked me if that ring you wear was an engaged ring."

These disconnected sentences were dropped with a tantalising slowness into Charlie's eager ears.

"I must go and tell her directly that it is not," said he; and he might probably have gone off at once had not Tita restrained him.

"You must be a great deal more cautious than that, if you wish to carry off Franziska some day or other. If you were to ask her to marry you now, she would flatly refuse you, and very properly; for how could the girl believe you were in earnest? But if you like, Charlie, I will say something to her that will give her a hint; and if she cares for you at all before you go away, she won't forget you. I wish I was as sure of you as I am of her."

"Oh! I can answer for myself," says the young man. Tita was very happy and pleased all that day. There was an air of mystery and importance about her. I knew what it meant. I had seen it before. Alas! poor Charlie,

CHAPTER V.

"GAB MIR EIN' RING DABEI."

Under the friendly instructions of Dr. Krumm, whom he no longer regarded as a possible rival, Charlie became a mighty hunter; and you may be sure that when he returned of an evening, with sprigs of fir in his cap for the bucks he had slain, Franziska was not the last to come forward, and shake hands with him, and congratulate him, as is the custom in these primitive parts. And then she was quite made one of the family when we sat down to dinner in the long, low-roofed room; and nearly every evening, indeed, Tita would have her to dine with us and play cards with us. You may suppose, if these two young folk had any regard for each other, those evenings in the inn must have been a pleasant time for them. There never were two partners at whist who were so courteous to each other, so charitable to each other's blunders. Indeed, neither would ever admit that the other blundered. Charlie used to make some frightful mistakes occasionally that would have driven any other player mad; but you should have seen the manner in which Franziska would explain that he had no alternative but to take her king with his ace; that he could not know this, and was right in chancing that. We played threepenny points, and Charlie paid for himself and his partner, in spite of her entreaties. Two of us found the game of whist a profitable thing.

One day a registered letter came for Charlie. He seized it, carried it to a window, and then called Tita to him. Why need he have made any secret about it? It was nothing but a ring—a plain hoop with a row of rubies.

"Do you think she would take this thing?" he said, in a low voice.

"How can I tell?"

The young man blushed and stammered, and said, "I don't want you to ask her to take the ring, but to get to know whether she would accept any present from me. And I would ask her myself, plainly; only you have been frightening me so much about being in a hurry. And what am I to do? Three days hence we start."

Tita looks down with a quiet smile, and says, rather timidly, "I think, if I were you, I would speak to her myself—but very gently."

We were going off that morning to a little lake some dozen miles off, to try for a jack or two. Franziska was coming with us. She was, indeed, already outside, superintending the placing in the trap of our rods and bags. When Charlie went out she said that everything was ready; and presently our peasant-driver cracked his whip, and away we went.

Charlie was a little grave, and could only reply to Tita's fun with an effort. Franziska was mostly anxious about the fishing, and hoped that we might not go so far to find nothing.

We found few fish, anyhow. The water was as still as glass and as clear; the pike that would have taken our spinning bits of metal must have been very dull-eyed pike indeed. Tita sat at the bow of the long punt reading, while our boatman steadily and slowly plied his single oar. Franziska was for a time eagerly engaged in watching the progress of our fishing, until even she got tired of the excitement of rolling in an immense length of cord only to find that our spinning-bait had hooked a bit of floating wood or weed. At length Charlie proposed that he should go ashore and look out for a picturesque site for our picnic, and he hinted that perhaps Miss Franziska might also like a short walk, to relieve the monotony of this sailing. Miss Franziska said she would be very pleased to do that. We ran them in among the rushes, and put them ashore, and then once more started on our laborious career.

Tita laid down her book. She was a little anxious. Sometimes you could see Charlie and Franziska on the path by the side of the lake, at other times the thick trees by the water's side hid them.

The solitary car dipped in the water; the boat glided along the shores. Tita took up her book again. The space of time that passed may be inferred from the fact that, merely as an incident to it, we managed to catch a chub of four pounds. When the excitement over this event had passed, Tita said,

"We must go back to them. What do they mean by not coming on and telling us? It is most silly of them."

We went back by the same side of the lake, and we found both Franziska and her companion seated on the bank at the precise spot where we had left them. They said it was the best place for the picnic. They asked for the hamper in a business-like way. They pretended they had searched the shores of the lake for miles.

And while Tita and Franziska are unpacking the things, and laying the white cloth smoothly on the grass, and putting out the bottles for Charlie to cool in the lake, I observe that the younger of the two ladies rather endeavours to keep her left hand out of sight. It is a paltry piece of deception. Are we moles, and blinder than moles, that we should continually be made the dupes of these women? I say to her,

"Franziska, what is the matter with your left hand?"

"Leave Franziska's left hand alone," says Tita, severely.

"My dear," I reply, humbly, "I am afraid Franziska has hurt her left hand."

At this moment Charlie, having stuck the bottles among the reeds, comes back, and, hearing our talk, he says, in a loud and audacious way,

"Oh! do you mean the ring? It is a pretty little thing I had about me, and Franziska has been good enough to accept it. You can show it to them, Franziska."

Of course he had it about him. Young men always do carry a stock of ruby rings with them when they go fishing, to put in the noses of the fish. I have observed it frequently.

Franziska looks timidly at Tita, and then she raises her hand, that trembles a little. (See Illustration.) She is about to take the ring off, to show it to us, when Charlie interposes,

"You needn't take it off, Franziska."

And with that, somehow, the girl slips away from among us; and Tita is with her, and we don't get a glimpse of either of them until the solitude rescinds with our cries for luncheon.

Charlie returned to London, and to Surrey, with us, in very good spirits. He used to come down very often to see us; and one evening, at dinner, he disclosed the fact that he was going over to the Black Forest in the following week, although the November nights were chill just then.

"And how long do you remain?"

"A month," he says.

"Madam," I say to the small lady at the other end of the table, "a month from now will bring us to the Fourth of December. You have lost the bet you made last Christmas morning; when will it please you to resign your authority?"

"Oh, bother the bet!" says this unscrupulous person.

"But what do you mean?" says Charlie.

"I suppose you intend to bring Franziska over with you at the end of this month's holiday?" I venture to ask.

"Oh, no!" he says; "we don't get married till the Spring."

You should have heard the burst of low, delightful laughter with which our Tita welcomed this announcement. She had won her bet.



"Franziska looks timidly at Tita, and then she raises her hand that trembles a little. She is about to take the ring off, to show it to us, when Charley interposes."

"TITA'S WAGER."—DRAWN BY H. HERKOMER.



"And where the white rays slanted down, I saw two dark forms. Clambering over the tangle of roots, they bore a burden between them."

"AMONG THE MANGROVES."—DRAWN BY V. W. BROMLEY.

AMONG THE MANGROVES.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID,

AUTHOR OF "THE DEATH SHOT," ETC.

"I live on the south side of the island—beyond Batabano. *Mia casa a disposicion de V.*"

Thus spoke to me a fellow-passenger on the Royal mail-steamers "Osprey," as we ran into the harbour of Havana.

He who had thus generously placed his house at my disposal was a native of the "ever-faithful island." But one who looked with no favouring eye on its fidelity being continued. On the contrary, he had a leaning towards "Cuba Libre."

"*Mia casa a disposicion de V.*"

The phrase, often a mere formulary, meaning nothing, I knew. But from Don Mariano Agüera, as I also knew, an invitation extended in sincerity and meant for acceptance.

Pressing it, he continued, "If you're fond of field sports I fancy I can treat you to some that may be new."

This said to a man in a shooting-coat with six pockets appertaining!

"Beyond that," pursued the Cuban, "and showing you some of our scenery, I can offer but little in the way of entertainment. I am a bachelor, living in a lonely 'bohio,' with a sister who keeps house for me—an untutored Creole girl, whose manners won't much remind you of the fashionable ladies of London and Paris. But I can answer for her having a warm heart, and making welcome the friend of her brother. Now, caballero! Say you will come."

The field sports had already inclined me to acceptance. At mention of the "untutored Creole girl" my mind was made up. "*Con mucho gusto*" was the answer I gave Don Mariano.

"My sister," he said, in continuance, "is at present with our aunt, who lives a little way outside the city. After landing we shall run out there, pick her up, then on to Batabano."

The formidable *duana* done with, and our impedimenta placed in charge of a comisario, to be forwarded to the railway station, we leaped into a *volante*, and between its two huge wheels were soon jolting through the suburbs of Havana.

In less than half an hour we came in sight of a handsome country house, with flowered parterres in front, and a grand portaled entrance. A young lady was standing on the stoop, as if on the look out for some one expected. Then, as the carriage turned in, she ran towards it with arms outstretched, these soon after folding around my friend's neck, while his cheek was saluted with a shower of kisses that would have given pleasure to Sardanapalus.

I felt I was in the presence of my Fate. For my heart said, this is she, the ideal for whom I have been seeking, the woman whose wishes must rule mine, for happiness or misery, for good or for evil. Before me stood what seemed a very Venus; not like her of Cyprus, posed upon the shell, with tresses of that hue which the auricomous dye of modern days can so easily counterfeit; but Cytherea, as she should be in a southern clime, with the complexion becoming it—skin with a tinge of golden brown, cheeks carmine red, teeth like strings of pearls fished up out of her native seas, and hair—

Idle to attempt depicting the charms of Engracia Agüera.

We spent the remainder of the day, with the night following, under the roof of the *tia*; a hospitable old lady of the brocade type, who carried a bunch of keys *à la châtelaine*.

Next morning we were driven to the railway terminus at Havana; and there booking for Batabano, were soon gliding along the *camino de hierro* amidst scenes which made it worth while keeping the curtains drawn aside.

In a native of the north a railway running through tropical scenery gives rise to thoughts savouring of the grotesque. Steam, the symbol of modern civilisation, appears altogether out of place among palm-trees. And, as its smoke curls up through their feathery fronds, one cannot help an idea of something like desecration. The iron horse gallops on through thick primeval forest, the steam from its nostrils ascending among the branches of magnificent fig-trees, cedrelas, and caobas. At times the carriage is obscured, as if the train were passing through a tunnel. Looking out you behold huge trunks, each with its array of parasitical plants roped together like the rigging of a ship. Many are splendid orchids, with flowers fully expanded; often hanging so close to the carriage windows that you may hook them with the handle of your umbrella, or, stretching forth your arm, gather nosegays that in Covent-garden would command a fabulous price.

Batabano was at length reached—the terminus station.

We made short stay in the town. Don Mariano had taken the precaution to send on instructions the day before; hence a vehicle for our baggage, with saddle-horses, awaiting us.

Mounting, we rode away, and were once more amid the wildest wood scenery—a virgin forest, scarce defiled by the stroke of the woodman's axe—the path we were pursuing arched over with palms whose smooth trunks looked like the supporting columns of some grand temple, their curved leaves forming the concavity of its dome, fancifully frescoed.

At intervals the forest flashed open, and we caught glimpses of the sea, and its shore—bits of beach, with sand that looked like silver filings mixed with the dust of gold, strewn with shells showing all the incandescence of the *opal*. There were corals, red like Engracia's lips; bivalves of pearly hue, blanched to the whiteness of her teeth. Then the path would plunge suddenly into shadow, dark as her hair, with fire-flies—great *cocuyos*—flitting about, to symbolise the glances of her eyes.

At length a house came in sight—the dwelling-place of Don Mariano. Not a humble hut—a *bohio*, as he had modestly characterised it—but a mansion of imposing appearance, with grand gate entrance and avenue leading up, the latter bordered by double rows of the *palma real*.

I saw that it was a coffee plantation of the first class, with hundreds of slaves at work in the fields.

Six days spent as in Paradise. Shooting excursions through the tropical forest, and along the shell-strewn shores of the beautiful Caribbean. These, varied by rides around the *cafetal*, accompanied by its owner, eloquent on the qualities of his crop. More pleasantly varied by strolls afoot with a fair companion—his sister—under the shade of orange-trees and corozo palms. There listening to the cooing of doves, the song of the Cuban nightingale, and the cries of the red cardinal; to something still sweeter—the voice of Engracia Agüera.

Never so sweet as on that sixth day, and when we two were straying through a copse of *calimitos*. I was now in love with her to the deepest depths of my soul—a passion that, unreciprocated, would consume me. And I intended to declare it, in the face of all apprehension for the issue. Soon I must return to Havana. Was I to go back happy, or bearing a broken heart? I must know.

The hour seemed propitious; and just then there chanced a circumstance that looked like the foreshadowing of a happy fate. From our path sprang two *palomitas*, the beautiful little Cuban doves—very mannikins among the *Columbidae*. They flitted only a short distance; then settled down on a branch,

where they sat side by side, close together, cooing and kissing. They did not seem at all scared at our intrusion, nor attempt to flit further away; but continued their caresses till we came up, almost near enough to touch them. They appeared to know that we, too, were wooing.

We stopped, and stood gazing at the pretty love birds, types of the fondest, purest affection.

"You see those doves, Señorita?" I asked. "Have you any thought concerning them?"

"Have you?"

"Yes. I should like to be one of them."

"What a singular fancy—to wish yourself a *palomita*!"

"Only on condition of somebody being another."

"Who?"

"The Doña Engracia Agüera."

Not receiving response from her whose cheek flushed red, I continued, in resolute interrogative. It was not the time to talk in enigmas.

"*Engracia, tu me quieres?*"

"*Yo te quiero*," came the answer, equally without reserve.

Then were our hands joined; the flushed cheek fell over on my breast, permitting me to press lips sweeter than the honey of Hybla!

The seventh day of my sojourn at the *cafetal* was to be the last; business I had too long neglected necessitating my return to Havana. On that day I would have preferred leaving field sports alone; but my host tempted me with an offer to go flamingo-shooting.

We were about setting forth, when a man rode up to the house; and, drawing Don Mariano aside, engaged him in conversation. Though in a low tone, it was of an earnest nature, as I could tell by their excited looks and gestures; and, their dialogue ended, the horseman went away as he had come. Then Don Mariano, rejoining me, said,

"Señor; I am very sorry I shall not be able to go with you. A summons, unexpected, calls me elsewhere; but do not let it interfere with your day's sport. Gaspardo will guide you to the shooting-ground of the flamingoes; and you can slaughter them to your heart's content without any help from me. I shall be back in good time to join you at the dinner-table. So now *Adios! Hasta la tarde.*"

Saying this, he sprang to his saddle, and rode hastily off. The change of programme, with my host's abrupt departure, did not seem to me at all extraordinary. I could even conjecture its cause. It was not the first time I had seen strangers at the house, coming and going hurriedly. What should it be but "Cuba Libre?"

Therefore of his seemingly eccentric behaviour I thought no more that morning than any other. Only as he went away something whispered me that there was danger drawing nigh, an electricity in the moral atmosphere of the "ever faithful island" that would soon burst over it in a terrible storm; its lightning to be the flames of burning houses, its thunder the roaring of cannon, and its rain red blood.

Seized by an uncomfortable feeling I could not account for, I had lost all ardour for sport, and hesitated about proceeding upon it. To stay at home promised pastime more attractive. Then it occurred to me that Don Mariano might think strange of my remaining at the house in his absence; more especially after having seen me on horseback ready to start out. He was not yet aware of the tender relations established between his sister and myself.

The sentiment of delicacy decided me; and, giving heel to my horse, I set forward, Gaspardo guiding me.

An original was this Gaspardo, worthy a word of description. No common slave, but the "cazador" of the plantation, having in his veins at least three distinct strains of blood—European, Ethiopian, and Indian—with a dash of the devil to give spice to the compound. For all, a good fellow at bottom, fearing God after a fashion, but without the slightest fear of man. Of his courage and prowess I had proofs.

On the way we caught sight of a horseman riding in the same direction as ourselves. We did not overtake him. Before we could come up, he sheered off into a side path, and was almost instantly out of sight.

A singular personage, judging from the slight glance I got of him; stylishly dressed in an embroidered jacket of velvet, and trousers of the same, slashed along the seams, with a scarf of scarlet crape wound around the waist, its ends hanging down over his hips. Beside them a sword, its scabbard-tip clinking against spurs that sparkled upon his heels. On his back a short gun, carried *à la bandoulière*, and in one hand a guitar.

All this I saw at a glance; the same taking in his features, as, turning out of the road, he looked back. They were not such as to give a good impression of him, but the contrary.

"Who is he, Gaspardo?"

"Only a goajiro."

"A goajiro! What is that?"

"A fellow who drinks all day and dances all night; yet don't own anything but the clothes on his back, and the animal between his legs; often not so much, if everybody had their due. Sometimes both horse and saddle are stolen; which is likely enough with him who has just slipped out of sight. I'd lay a wager Rafael Carrasco never came by that *andante* in an honest way."

"Rafael Carrasco, you call him?"

"Si, Señor; and a bigger rascal isn't to be met with around Batabano. Don Rafael, he styles himself, with the conceit of Don the Devil. He used to come swaggering about our place, till master forbade him."

"Why did he forbid him?"

"Caballero; if you promise not to betray confidence"—

"I promise it. You may speak without fear."

"Well, then, it was because Carrasco had the impudence—only think of it!—to make pretension to the Señorita."

"Indeed! I was deeply interested now."

"In what way?" I asked. "Tell me the particulars."

"Well, Señor; once at a *fiesta* we had, he was called upon for a song. I will say that, scoundrel though he be, he can sing well, and plays the guitar to perfection. Most goajiros can do that; and make their own songs, too, if they don't the tunes. So, what does my gentleman sing but some verses he composed himself, or said he had, in praise of the Señorita, describing her charms, as people said, too freely; then winding up with words to say how much he admired her. It was all up with him after that. Don Mariano was very angry about it; and told him never to come near the house again."

"Was the Señorita herself angry?"

With an effort to conceal my emotion, I awaited the answer. "Ah, caballero! That I can't tell. Women are such queer creatures. There are not many of them who don't like being praised, especially in poetry. Be sure the best of them can stomach a good deal of that. There was the Doña Eusebia Gomez, the daughter of one of our grandees, who went away with a goajiro, and actually got married to him. All because he sang *canciones*, praising her beauty and bright eyes, and that sort of thing. Oh, yes; in their vanity the *muchachas* are much the same—whether they be poor girls or rich ladies."

I confess Gaspardo's ungallant sentiments caused me pain, suggesting thoughts I ought not to have entertained. Some-

thing more than mere curiosity piqued me to question him further.

"I presume Master Carrasco has by this time relinquished his aspirations?"

"*Quien sabe, Señor?* For that matter, he might as well. Such as he to think of matching with a grand lady like the Doña Engracia Agüera! It would be as modest in me aspiring to be the alcalde-mayor of Batabano. For all that, one can't tell what Rafael Carrasco may be up to. He's got brass enough for anything, and, besides, the deceit of Satan himself. I don't believe there's a greater *picaro* along all this coast; and, if report speaks true, he's in secret league with contrabandistas, slave-dealers, and all such sorts. Only last week one of our people saw him in the company of El Cocodrilo."

"El Cocodrilo! Who may he be?"

"What! You don't know El Cocodrilo?"

"Indeed, I don't."

"Well, I'll tell you. He's a runaway slave—a black man, who once belonged to my master. As he was a bad sort, Don Mariano sold him to another planter—a neighbour—from whom he soon after absconded. That was several years ago; and ever since he has been a *cimmaron*—not one of them able to catch him. Yet he gives them every chance, as you might think. There isn't a week passes without his being heard of on some of the plantations, making love to the negro wenches, and robbing their masters right and left. Several times they've got up hunting parties, and set the hounds upon his trail—their best bloodhounds. Still, he continues to baffle them all."

"He must be a clever scamp. But why is he called El Cocodrilo?"

"Ah! that's partly on account of his being pockpitted; which, as you see, makes his skin a little like that of the caymans and crocodiles; besides, he's a big, ungainly fellow, as they are. But I think he's got the name more from his hiding in the *ciénega*, where these animals have their haunts. By-the-way, Señor, this is the very swamp where they say he secretes himself. It is called La Zapata, and extends ever so far along the shore. I'd just like to set eyes upon his ugly image. I've myself some scores to settle with the *cimmaron*."

We reached the roosting-place of the flamingoes, and, as half apprehended, found no birds. Their season of breeding was past, and they were absent, no doubt, on some other part of the shore, where shell-fish and the small fry on which they feed were more plentiful. I saw scores of their curious nests, truncated cones, on which they sit, or rather stand with their long legs straddled, during the period of incubation. They were empty now, but around lay the shells of their hatched eggs, and feathers cast at moulting. I observed much besides that should have interested me, had I been in the humour for ornithological inquiry. But I was not. The fear felt in the morning was still upon me—a shadow over my spirits I could not shake off.

While returning along the swamp edge the cazador parted company with me. He begged permission, on the plea of paying a visit to some one who had his dwelling near by. As I now knew the way, there was no longer need for his guiding me. So we parted with a mutual "*Hasta, luego!*" as I rode on Gaspardo calling after me, "*Va con Dios!*"

I had barely lost sight of him, his voice yet ringing in my ears, when another sound saluted them. At first I fancied it to be the sigh of the sea. But the noise heard was softer, and more smoothly resonant. Besides, it came from above.

Turning my eyes upward, I saw what was causing it. The blue sky was enamelled with scarlet spots—great birds with their wings extended in flight—the flamingoes.

They were right overhead, and at least one hundred yards vertically distant. But my breech-loader was charged with swan-shot; and, suddenly checking my horse, I raised the gun to my shoulder, and let bang both barrels into the thick of the flock. A shrill scream was the response, continued as the flamingoes flew onward, faster than before. But I observed that one had separated from the rest, and was gradually going down. With my experience as a sportsman, I knew that some of the No. 1 shot must have penetrated the body of the bird, wounding it in a vital part.

The place from which I had fired was a strip of open ground: on one side a forest of wild mangoes, on the other the mangrove swamp. Two very different kinds of trees, especially detested by the Cuban planter, when he thinks of his absconded slaves. For in the fruit of the former the runaway finds sustenance, while the latter gives him a refuge beyond danger of pursuit.

A singular forest form these trees, of the genus *rhizophora*, in their growth bearing some resemblance to the banyan; except that you see no large trunks—only stems of several inches thickness, not springing direct from the ground, but supported on a tangled trestle of roots, gnarled and jointed like the legs of rustic chairs, or the limbs of gigantic spiders. These penetrating the mud leave open spaces between its surface and the overshadowing leaves—a labyrinth of aisles and crevices through which crawl countless crabs, with creatures of hideous saurian shape; among others the cayman and crocodile—both species of these gigantic reptiles being indigenous to the island of Cuba.

The flamingo fell among the mangroves; and, having carefully marked it down, I slipped out of the saddle, tied my horse to a tree, and started to retrieve it.

Entering among the trees, I commenced climbing over their aerial roots.

Clutching the stems, and springing from root to root, I kept on in hopes of soon clutching my prize. In this I was not disappointed; though it was quite an accident my again getting sight of it. For soon after entering the thicket I lost all bearings of the place where I had seen it settle down. Screams, which I presumed to proceed from its throat, guided me to the spot. Instead, they proved to be the cries of the *caracara* eagle; two of which were in the act of quarrelling over a quarry they had not killed. The flamingo was quite dead, lying with its wings extended, like a scarlet shawl spread over the branches, its long neck, weighted with the huge curving mandibles, dangling down beneath the body.

Carefully packing it for transport, I commenced returning on my tracks.

Tracks! There were none.

In less than five minutes after bagging the bird I was wandering amid a maze, as hopeless of finding my way as the royal lover to reach Fair Rosamond without the silken clue.

I did not at first fully realise the seriousness of the situation. But doing so, I came to a pause, with that dead heaviness at the heart one feels on becoming sensible that he has strayed and got lost—not on a common highway, or amid fields of corn, but in the shadow of a trackless forest, or the open expanse of a pathless prairie.

As the fell fear crept over me, I called out loud enough to frighten the *caracaras*. I got no response, save their screams; that, resounding through the swamp, resembled the laughter of maniacs. They seemed mocking me!

Despair now possessed me. I had made every effort to reach terra-firma—first taking one way, then another, as appearances promised better—like a sloth, swinging myself from branch to branch and root to root. At length I came upon a place where the

bark showed abrasions. These, on scrutiny, proved to have been made by my shooting-boots. I had returned on my own tracks!

For several hours I kept clambering about; till the increasing gloom under the leafy canopy warned me that night was nigh.

Just then a dark object attracted my attention, and I started towards it. Drawing nearer, I saw what looked like a haystack set upon piles. I discovered it to be a shed; evidently no freak of vegetable nature, but the work of human hands. Nearer still, beheld a platform of bamboos, warped and twined among the tree-roots; above, a thatch of leaves, the broad blades of the wild banana. Three sides were inclosed with a wattle of *sipos*; the fourth open, giving admission to the interior.

Springing up to the wicker stage, I found myself amid objects that told of human occupation, though the occupant was not at home. There was a hammock swung between two stems, and a bamboo bedstead. From the roof hung strings of chili peppers, onions, and clusters of ripe plantains; while in one corner stood a basket of sweet potatoes, and a second containing oranges, mangoes, cherimoyas, alligator pears, and a variety of other fruit—a cornucopia of tropical products.

Suspended from a limb outside was a huge *guana* lizard, skinned, disembowelled, ready for the spit. That it could be broiled there was evident, from the embers of a fire that smouldered on a mud hearth in the centre of the staging.

I had no need to conjecture what all this meant. Soon as seeing the hut so strangely situated, I could tell it to be the refuge of some runaway slave—the home of a hunted *maroon*.

And who other could its owner be than the dreaded Cocodrilo? I was as sure of this as if I had met the pock-marked man by his own hearth, and been invited to partake of his hospitality.

Vividly recalling his character, as Gaspardo had given it, I had no desire to make his acquaintance. Under the circumstances, an interview with him might not end amicably.

With my eyes on the saurian suspended outside—its form fearfully suggestive of a human being hanged and flayed—I remained not an instant longer under the roof of the runaway.

I had no better hopes of being able to regain the shore. For, although the daylight was nearly gone, still, in the dim twilight I could distinguish something like a path along the tangle of roots. Whitish blotches showed where their bark had been trodden off by the hard, horny soles of a negro's feet.

Along this I started, continuing on for several hundred yards. Then the night came down dark as a pot of pitch, and I could no more make out the marks. To proceed farther would only be to get strayed again—perhaps with less chance of ultimate escape. Fearing this, I desisted from further attempts, and resolved to stay among the mangroves till morning.

To make myself comfortable, as circumstances would permit, I selected a spot where the roots were thickly matted; and there laid myself along like a steak upon a gridiron. But, before courting sleep, I took the precaution to buckle my pouch-belt around a branch, at the same time attaching it to my body. Otherwise I might roll over into the mud, and furnish the caymans with a midnight meal.

The position was irksome enough—to say nothing of being stung by the mosquitoes that swarmed in myriads around me. A mangrove swamp is the place to find these noxious insects in their most venomous vigour.

But the fatigue consequent on over two hours of constant tree-climbing, along with a strain of mental anxiety throughout all the day, at length overcame me; and I yielded to inevitable slumber.

How long I was unconscious I could not tell till afterwards. Then, on taking stock of time, I knew it must have been about an hour. During it I was the prey to horrid dreams, and had fearful visions presented to my slumbering senses. In these figured my host, Don Mariano Agüera, and his fair sister, now almost my fiancée; she like an angel, with a luminous aureole over her brow, but beneath a countenance seeming distressed and sad. Beside her were two devils; one splendidly apparelled, with the look of Lucifer, the other bigger and blacker, a sort of Vulcan, with skin charred and spotted as by sparks from his Tartarean forge. Of course my fancy of the first must have come from what I had seen of the goajiro; the second suggested by Gaspardo's description of "El Cocodrilo." Beside these two demons-in-chief were lesser ones, their satellites. The young girl appeared to be threatened and in peril. I could hear her crying out; by name calling me to come to her rescue!

And I felt that I could not. I was fast bound, unable to stir hand or foot. Still, I struggled; and this, with her continuing cries, awoke me.

Certainly I was bound, as I knew on awaking—buckled to the branch of a tree. In that there was no imagination, nor in the cries neither; only that these came not from Engracia Agüera, but from the *qua-bird*—a species of bittern, which frequents the *ciénegas* of Cuba.

Released from the spell of my dream, but not recovered from its unpleasantness, I lay listening. For the scream of the night bird had something in it different from its ordinary call.

Soon it gave note again—clearly a signal of alarm!

But now I no longer listened to it. Other sounds, of greater significance, engrossed my attention—beyond doubt, human voices! There was also a scratching among the trees, with the swish of bent branches in rebound.

"El Cocodrilo returning to his lair, accompanied by a confederate!" This was my supposition.

The moon had meanwhile arisen, lighting up open spaces among the mangroves. One of these was close to where I sat; for I had now unbuckled the belt, and raised myself to a sitting posture. And where the white rays slanted down, I saw two dark forms. Human shapes both, however devilish their doings. For it was evident they were at something "uncanny."

Clambering over the tangle of roots, they bore a burden between them. It was a thing of oblong shape, that might be a coffin or a corpse—looking more like the latter. (See *Illustration*.)

"Some piece of plunder which the Crocodile is dragging to his lair, so heavy as to need help—some delicate article, easily damaged or broken?"

While thus conjecturing, they advanced within less than ten paces of where I sat. Then I saw their forms more distinctly, while for a moment the moonlight, shining through a break in the foliage, fell upon their faces. Of these I caught only a glimpse; but enough almost to make me imagine I was still asleep and dreaming! For the faces were exactly those that had figured in the phantasmagoria just disturbed—the two chief demons!

Engrossed in the endeavour to identify them, I took no note of anything else, till they were nearly out of sight. Then, glancing between, I saw what startled me, causing my heart to beat double quick, while the blood ran cold in my veins. Something whitish, draped down below. It looked like a light-coloured shawl, or the skirt of a woman's dress.

Was it a woman they were carrying? And, if so, was she living? Or a corpse, and the white drapery its shroud—its winding-sheet?

I had an impulse to stalk after them, and see. It was more than mere curiosity. Indeed, a very different sentiment, as I recalled the scenes that had afflicted me in my dream. Could it

be possible that any of the other personages who had appeared—that she—Engracia Agüera—

No—no! The supposition was absurd—too improbable. But for the excited state I was in, I should not have entertained it for an instant.

And scarce did I; returning to my former belief, that the runaway and his confederate were engaged in the ultimate act of a burglary—about to secrete the stolen goods. Or it might be a bit of contraband. By Gaspardo's account of the goajiro, the latter seemed the more probable.

On reflection, I concluded to leave the smugglers to themselves—at least for that night. Chance had conducted me to their hiding-place. If house property had been abstracted, I should know where it was stored, and could take steps for recovering it.

With the moon now shining clear, I fancied I might find my way out of the mangrove swamp. All the easier, from having noted the direction by which the two men had approached me, coming from the land side.

I was about setting forth to find their track, when something of a different sort promised to give me guidance.

Chancing to look upwards, I beheld an illuminated spot in the sky. It was not the moon, nor any of her satellite stars. But a light of reddish yellow hue—easily distinguishable as the glare of a conflagration!

Not likely that this would be in the midst of the mangroves; and less on the sea outside them. The fire, whatever it was, must be inland.

Taking its gleam for my guiding star, I started off afresh. Soon, reaching the edge of the mangrove thicket, I sprang from the network of roots, and once more stood on solid earth.

Scanning around, I saw I had come out on known ground—the very spot where I had fired at the flamingo. Near by was the tree to which I had tied my horse; and, entering under its shadow, I found the animal still there, as I had left him; only, like myself, terribly tormented by the mosquitoes.

A soft whimper expressed his delight at my reappearance.

Snatching the bridle from the branch, then flinging the reins over his neck, I vaulted into the saddle. Knowing the way well, in the clear moonlight I could not again get strayed.

In less than twenty minutes after, I rode through the gate of the *cafetal*, and was heading up to the house.

No, not to the house. There was none there now; only the walls of one, with its roof ablaze, flames spurting out, and sparks ascending to the sky!

Looking along the avenue between the rows of royal palms, I saw the space at the further end lit up as in daylight—only with the red light of a roaring conflagration.

I did not need telling that the torch of the incendiary had been at work. Instinctively I knew it, with a boding of misfortune far worse than fire. My own heart felt aflame, as I struck my heels against my horse's flanks, and galloped on.

As I drew near, I could see people flitting about; men and women, their dark forms outlined, *en silhouette*, against the blazing background. I could hear their shouts and ejaculations—all in tones of terror or distress.

In a moment more I was in their midst, scrutinising their faces in search of two that were white—the master of the burning mansion, and its mistress.

No white faces there; only black, brown, and yellow—the slaves and retainers of the plantation.

A man rushing up halted by my horse's head. In the fire glare I recognised Gaspardo. Without waiting to hear what he had to say, I inquired,

"Where are they—Don Mariano—Doña Engracia?"

"Gone; both gone! Oh, Señor! isn't it sad?"

"Gone! Whither? The fire! What does it all mean? Tell me. Quick—quick!"

"Por Dios, caballero! I cannot. I do not know myself. I got home but half an hour ago. Then I found things as you see; only that the fire wasn't so great. We tried to stop it, but couldn't; the old house will have to go."

"Who has done it?" I mechanically asked. Something whispered me that I knew the man.

"Well; the people say that soldiers came here from Batabano—to arrest the master, because of his being one of the *patriotas*. By good luck he's got away, and they had to go back without him. Then later, after it was night, some others came that weren't soldiers at all, but men in masks. It was they who've carried off the Señorita and set fire to the casa grande. It's been burning ever since; and she—*pobrecita!* Nobody knows where they've taken, or what's being done to her."

I knew the first; of the last ignorant, though tortured with a terrible apprehension. I had no doubt that the thing carried between the two robbers was Engracia Agüera.

Was she still living? Or had they killed her, and was what I had seen but her corpse?

"O God! O God!" I groaned in agony, as the fell fear swept through my soul.

"Gaspardo! you are brave; you would risk your life to save that of the *niña*—would you not?"

"Ten times over; only tell me how. Try me, Señor; you shall see."

"Get your gun and horse."

"They are there."

He pointed to the horse, that stood tied to a rail.

"Mount, then, and follow me! Lose not a moment!"

The cazador sprang to his saddle. I had not forsaken mine; and we rode off, leaving the red flames behind us.

We went straight for the swamp La Zapata.

In less than twenty minutes after, we were upon its edge.

Dismounting, we made our horses secure, tying them to the same tree under which mine had passed the afternoon and evening. We muffled them, to prevent their neighing. The work we had before us called for caution, silence, the stealthy tread of tigers.

On the way I had told Gaspardo what had happened to me, and communicated my plan of action; which he approved.

We were going to engage in a conflict with two men strong as ourselves; to recover a captive they were not likely to relinquish without a struggle. On both sides it would be for life, hand to hand, and necessarily desperate. My companion knew this, but quailed not. He was game to the backbone, almost as eager as I to enter upon action.

I had therefore no uneasiness about his flinching, or failing me.

My only fear was not being able to get face to face with the enemy. Would it be possible to retrace my steps to the hiding-place of the maroon? This was the question that gave me most concern; less now that the cazador was by my side. After I had told him all he made light of the difficulty, and seemed sure of finding the way. He spoke as if acquainted with it. In my zigzag wanderings through the tangle I had observed a tree taller than those around it—not a mangrove, though growing among them. It was close to the shieling of the runaway. I had made special note of this, with some vague anticipation it might afterwards stand me in stead, if I should need it for a landmark. The need had come sooner than expected. It was now.

"I know that tree well," said the hunter. "It's a *mahagua*, that's grown from a seed some bird has dropped among the

mangroves. I remember having shot a bird upon it—a big harpy eagle, that perched on its branches. If that's the place I can go straight to it, though it's many years since I shot the harpy. Not much matter about the tree, either, if you can only put me on the path you speak of. Where a man has scrambled over these roots trust me for finding his tracks, even if it's only moonlight. Have no fear, caballero! Proceed, and show me the place where you came out of the swamp."

Soon as I had set him on the track, he took the lead, leaving me to follow.

We went well for some three hundred yards, when, in spite of the cazador's wonderful skill, we were compelled to pause. The moon had suddenly dipped under a cloud, hiding blotches on the bark. It was maddening to be thus baffled. Every moment was fraught with fearful consequences. My fancy pictured Engracia, as she had appeared in my dream, struggling to escape from the embrace of the fiendish brutes! Oh! that she could have called out; for now I might have heard, and her cries guided me to the spot where she had been carried.

We listened, but could hear no sound of human voice—only the noises of the night, such as meet the ear in the midst of a mangrove-swamp. Horrid sounds: the groan of the great Southern owl, the wailing cries of the qua-bird, the "gluck-gluck" of the gigantic bull-frog, and the bellowing of alligators. All sounds consonant with our situation—seeming to mock me in my misery. For I was now wretched—despairing—in the belief that, after all, we should be beaten, and have to go back, leaving the captive unrescued. And the thought of such captivity! It was too fearful to bear reflection.

I turned to my companion, in the hope of hearing some word to cheer me. But, no! He only whispered,

"There's no help for it, caballero. We must wait till that cloud drives past. If we attempt to go on without—Ha! what's that—yonder? A light? Carramba! I hope it isn't the *Fuero de Diablo!*"

I looked in the direction pointed out. Sure enough there was a light gleaming through the trees. But, as I could tell by the red glare, it came from a real fire, and not an *ignus fatuus*, as Gaspardo meant, calling it the "Devil's Lamp."

Gazing at the gleam, we became satisfied as to its true character; and, soon as resolved, stole on towards it.

Gliding silently, we got within less than twelve paces of the spot; there stopping to reconnoitre—rather to take breath for the final spring, now near. For by this we understood all, and knew to a certainty what was before us.

It was the shed of the fugitive slave.

We had approached it by its open side, and could see everything within.

A fire freshly kindled was burning on the hearth; beside which crouched El Cocodrilo himself. He had the iguana in his grasp, and was about impaling it on the spit. Evidently the reptile was to be the *pièce de résistance* of their supper.

On the bamboo bedstead were two forms, seated side by side—one erect, the other drooping. The upright figure was that of the goajiro; the bent one, Engracia Agüera. I could see that her hair hung dishevelled, and that her dress was torn to shreds. Also, that her countenance was sad—the cheeks wan, the lips pallid, the eyes streaming tears!

I was with difficulty I restrained myself from springing forward, and at once effecting her rescue.

Prudence kept me back—an intuitive perception that her peril was for the time past, but might return by my acting inconsiderately.

We were still some distance from the stage, where the last scene of the drama would need to be enacted—beyond the bounds of a single spring. We must get nearer before attempting to enter upon the dénouement.

While stealing closer, striding from root to root, Gaspardo by my side, both silent as ocelots approaching their prey, I heard the speech,

"So, fair lady! What think you of things now? Aha! Doña Engracia Agüera! I have you in my power, and mean to keep you so—as the cayman keeps the prey he has clutched. To-night you and I shall repose on the same couch!"

"No!" I cried, bounding upon the platform, unable any longer to hold back.

Then, grasping the throat of the ruffian, Gaspardo simultaneously tackling the runaway, I continued,

"Surrender, Rafael Carrasco! If you resist, this night—this moment—that couch will be your bed of death!"

Never in all my life was I more surprised at the effect of a speech. It was less tragic than ludicrous—like a farce following a fiery melodrama. Anticipating a desperate fight with the ferocious maroon and the gay goajiro, it almost made me laugh as the latter dropped down upon his knees, and piteously appealed to me for mercy; while the former was praying in the same strain to Gaspardo!

I left both to the tender mercies of the cazador, who proceeded to bind them hand and foot—neither offering the slightest resistance.

Myself turning, I took the rescued captive in my arms.

As she lay upon my breast, her heart beating time to mine, I knew she was safe; pure as when, the day before, our lips meeting, she received her first love kiss.

We left the two criminals in the shed, securely tied, to be sent back for, and brought to justice.

Then, returning over the trestle of roots—Engracia more tenderly conducted than when she went the opposite way—we regained the shore, and remounted our horses—she sharing my saddle.

We rode quickly back to the *cafetal*; but not there to stay. The *casa grande* was still ablaze. The roof was just falling in, the calcined timbers crashing down one after the other. To remain much longer would be but to behold a smoking, smouldering ruin.

We stayed only to take a last look at the scene of desolation. Then, turning our horses' heads, continued on to Batabano.

Next morning the first train of the *camino de hierro* carried us across the island to Havana; and before the hour of breakfast my *novia* was safely lodged in the house of her aunt—I, too, partaking its hospitality.

Before letting fall the curtain on this little drama of Cuban life, it must needs be told what afterwards came of the *dramatis personæ* who have appeared in it.

Taking the thieves first, left tied, as told, they were sent for as promised, and found as we had left them. Transferred from the frail palm-thatched shed to a strong walled prison—the *calabozo* of Batabano—they were taken out of this, tried, and condemned to death. Then returned to the gaol, and again brought forth, the second and last time, for execution by *garota*.

The after-fate of the honest people is yet in abeyance. The "untutored Creole girl" is still a girl, living under the protection of her *tia*, in that suburban villa outside the city of Havana. And her brother is a General in the army of Cespedes; the brave Gaspardo by his side; both fighting for Freedom and "Cuba Libre."

God grant them victory!



"THE COMPULSORY BAPTISM OF THE MOORS AFTER THE CONQUEST OF GRANADA, A.D. 1500."
FROM THE PICTURE BY EDWIN LONG.

THE MOORISH PROSELYTES OF GRANADA.

The Moorish Kingdom of Granada was conquered in 1492 by the forces of King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella, reigning over the two united kingdoms of Arragon and Castile; and this was the making of Spain as a powerful and splendid monarchy. During the first eight years after the conquest, Granada being placed under the wise and just rule of the Captain-General, Mendoza, Count of Tendilla, and of the Archbishop, Fray Fernando de Talavera, who were averse to religious persecution, the subjugated Moslems were left to enjoy their own faith in peace. The good Archbishop Talavera was, indeed, very desirous to make them Christians, but he sought to do this by teaching and evangelical persuasion. Though an elderly man, he learnt the Arabic language on purpose, and soon printed an Arabic version of the Church liturgy and selections from the New Testament. His apostolic spirit was shared by many of his clergy, and not a few converts were fairly won from amidst the subject Mohammedan nation, conciliated by a mild and impartial civil government.

Unhappily, it came to pass, after the exaltation of an austere bigot, Cardinal Ximenes, Archbishop of Toledo, to the highest degree of Royal favour and delegated power, that the judicious policy which had already borne such good fruits was suddenly changed. Ximenes came to Granada with the Court in November, 1499, immediately forced his co-operation on the ecclesiastical head of that diocese, and stayed there when Ferdinand and Isabella removed to Seville. He summoned the leading Alfaqis, or Mussulman doctors, to a theological conference, in which he denounced the errors and defects of their creed. Inviting them to profess Christianity, he is reported to have offered not only the promise of spiritual and eternal blessings, but the worldly bribe of many rich gifts, especially of costly robes and other articles of dress. The vulgar part of the Moorish people often yielded to this temptation. It is said that not fewer than 4000 persons crowded one day to receive baptism, which Ximenes, as he could not separately administer the rite to each individual, performed by twirling a mop formed of hyssop over the heads of the multitude, to sprinkle each of them with a few consecrated drops.

These particulars are quoted by Mr. Prescott from the "Life of Ximenes," by Eugenio de Robles, who adds that the zealous prelate got the name of Alfaqui Campanero among the Moors, from his setting bells to ring in the towers of the mosques, when fitted up as Christian churches. It would have been all very well had he stopped at this point, but he presently began to violate the provisions of the treaty of peace and submission by which the Moors were secured against being made converts, except of their own free will. His first violent measure was to arrest and imprison a noble Moor, named Zegri, well skilled in Mussulman learning, whom Ximenes had in vain attempted to convince by argument. A few days of solitary confinement, bound in fetters, in a dark dungeon, with tolerable fasting, sufficed to make Zegri accept the baptismal rite; and this successful proceeding was repeated in other instances. The next order Ximenes gave was to collect all the Arabic books and manuscripts in Granada, not only copies of the Koran, or comments upon it, but treatises of science, histories, romances and poems, to make a grand bonfire in one of the great squares of the city. The number of volumes destroyed is variously stated, but a hundred thousand might be near the truth; only three hundred books, treating of medicine, were saved for the University library of Alcala. This act of folly may be set against the conflagration of the Greek library at Alexandria by the Caliph Omar eight centuries before.

Things went on from bad to worse at Granada, till a riot broke out in the quarter of the Albaycin, where two servants of Ximenes were slain by the Moors, and the palace occupied by the Archbishop of Toledo was besieged by a raging populace who threatened his life. Ximenes was rescued by the Count de Tendilla with a guard of soldiers, and the good Archbishop Talavera, like a true servant of Christ, went, almost unattended, or with only his chaplain and a monk bearing the crucifix, into the midst of the angry Moors, to whom he preached the message of divine and human charity with such tender force of feeling speech that their wrath was presently appeased. The excellent civil and military commandant, Tendilla, was not slow to follow this example of courageous gentleness. Leaving his armed guard when he came in sight of the Moorish mob, he threw his cap towards them as a token of his pacific intentions, and addressed them with an earnest remonstrance upon the folly of provoking a conflict which must bring severe punishment on their city and nation. They listened to his appeal, and presently went home in peace, while the Count de Tendilla left his wife and two children at lodgings in the Moorish quarter, to serve as hostages in pledge of his sincerity, with assurances that the revolt should be forgiven.

A few days after this tumult the King and Queen in their Court at Seville were engaged in an inquiry into the circumstances, and Ferdinand was at first disposed to blame Ximenes, who was the Queen's favourite Archbishop, for the acts of rashness and harshness which had so nearly caused a political disaster. But Ximenes arrived in time to plead his justification, which he rested upon grounds not merely of religious duty, but of statesmanship and the interests of the Spanish Crown. He affirmed that the Moors, while they remained infidels, could never be loyal subjects to a Christian Prince and Princess; but that the effect of the late revolt at Granada would be very advantageous, since they were now all involved in the guilt of treason, and liable to the infliction of its penalties. It would therefore be an act of clemency to offer them pardon, with the alternative of conversion or exile!

This edifying conclusion was approved by Queen Isabella, though not perhaps altogether by her more cautious husband. They sent a judicial commission to Granada, to examine into the causes of the late disturbance, and to condemn its guilty authors. "In the course of the investigation," says Prescott, "many of the principal citizens were imprisoned on suspicion. The greater part made their peace by embracing Christianity. Many others sold their estates and emigrated to Barbary; and the remainder of the population, whether from fear of punishment or the contagion of example, abjured their ancient superstition and consented to receive baptism. The whole number of converts was estimated at about 50,000, whose future relapses promised an almost inexhaustible supply for the fiery labours of the Inquisition. The circumstances under which this important revolution in religion was effected in the entire population of a great city will only excite feelings of disgust at the present day."

It need scarcely be said, in addition to this narrative, that Ximenes put a stop to Talavera's scheme of translating the Bible for the Moors to read. "It would be throwing pearls before swine," he remarked, "to open the Scriptures to persons in their low state of ignorance, who could not fail to wrest them to their own destruction." Such were the maxims and practices of a Romish prelate in Spain a few years before the Protestant Reformation in Germany and England. The picture by Mr. E. Long, which was in the last exhibition of the Royal Academy, forms the subject of our two-page Engraving.

ILLUSTRATED NEW BOOKS.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

All Londoners, and therefore all Englishmen, as everyone is more or less a Londoner in this country, must thank Mr. William Longman for his *History of the Three Cathedrals Dedicated to St. Paul in London* (Longmans, Green, and Co.). The author is known to be a sound English historian, as well as a liberal and judicious publisher of good books and a public-spirited citizen of London. His seat of business is so near St. Paul's Cathedral, and that noble English church building is so closely associated with his favourite literary pursuits, that no fitter man could have been chosen to lead the metropolitan and national subscription for completing its accessory adornments, and he acts, we hope with success, as chairman of the finance committee for that purpose. But this volume has no official character, though it should be carefully studied by all who are disposed to take an interest in the projected decorative finishing or the architectural merits and precedents of the grand City temple. None of our countrymen or country women ought to be ignorant of the history either of St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey; and we are indebted to the two accomplished clergymen, Dean Milman and Dean Stanley, who have, while presiding over their respective chapters, produced excellent books of antiquarian description of these mighty churches and their cherished monuments. Mr. Longman's aim is more especially, as we have remarked, to present an exact view of the architectural character of St. Paul's, with a practical intention to forward and direct the laudable work recently undertaken; and this task he has performed in a very efficient manner, with the assistance of Mr. Edmund Ferrey, Mr. Penrose, Mr. Cockerell, and other professional friends. In explanation of the title, it should be observed that, before the present majestic and elegant structure was raised, upon the ruins of the Great Fire of 1666, by Sir Christopher Wren, two preceding churches of St. Paul had occupied the site, which was once held by a Roman temple of Diana. The first Christian edifice, built in the seventh century of Christendom, was one attached to a monastery, founded by Ethelbert, King of Kent, when Melitus, the comrade of our missionary St. Augustine, was Bishop of London. This church lasted four or five centuries, till it was destroyed by fire in the reign of William the Conqueror, after which the vast and noble pile of "Old St. Paul's" was erected, but by gradual additions, not being completed until the middle of the thirteenth century. It is to be feared that many young people of this degenerate age know only so much about it as they may have learned from a romance by Mr. Harrison Ainsworth; but those of grave and serious mind are referred to Mr. Longman's careful description, and to the valuable illustrations supplied by Mr. E. Ferrey, for as much precise information as can be obtained. Yet it seems rather strange that of such a famous and popular building, which is so frequently mentioned by our old authors to the time of Charles II., and which is a conspicuous feature in so many old views of London, some questions of importance still remain undetermined; for instance, that of the existence of the two western towers. The central tower and spire, rising to a height 50 ft. above that of Salisbury Cathedral, must have formed a characteristic ornament of old London, like the dome uplifting its graceful bulk over the present city. Its effect was the better for just proportion to the great length, nearly 600 ft., of the building from which it ascended, and which had a breadth and height of nearly 100 ft. The style of architecture, ranging from Early Norman to Early English Gothic and Decorated, was not such as Sir Christopher Wren could appreciate, but we have learned again to enjoy its beauty and true significance. What he has bestowed upon us, agreeably to the taste of his age, which was still under the influence of the French and Italian Renaissance, is extremely different, but truly beautiful and sublime in its way—a building in the style of Rome, which we venture to think more perfect than even St. Peter's, because it has more unity of design, being the work of a single mind and hand. Mr. Longman's account of the arrangement for repairing or rebuilding the dilapidated cathedral, and then for the demolition of its old remains, the reception of Wren's different plans and designs, and the progress of the construction from 1674 to 1710, is a narrative of much interest. With reference to the design approved by the King in November, 1673, a model of which is preserved at the South Kensington Museum, that of a building in the form of a Greek cross and in the Corinthian style of architecture, it was rejected by the clergy as not sufficiently ecclesiastical. The choir was to be circular, and there were to be no aisles or nave. The dome would have been far less grand than that of the present cathedral, and, instead of the stately pair of campaniles at the west end, there would have been a small dome behind the portico, with no very imposing effect. It is fortunate that this design was superseded by Wren's later modifications, adopted upon his own independent authority, of another design, which was approved by the King in May, 1675, but which is condemned by Mr. Longman, and by most persons of ordinary good taste, as "poor and tawdry." King Charles, whose indolence had probably become tired of this affair, gave Wren permission to vary this design, of which he so boldly availed himself as to build something entirely different. In his old age, about five years before his death, the great architect was set aside by King George I.; but only some details of sculpture and decoration then remained to be done. In all matters of this kind Wren was continually thwarted by the narrow-minded obstinacy of official persons; but such is the fate of genius. The cost of the actual building is computed by Sir Henry Ellis at £736,752; but, including the cost of clearances and other preparations and embellishments to 1723, it may be set down at £747,661. The total amount received for this work, including £288,951 money borrowed, was not less than £1,167,474. It is known that Sir Christopher wished to line the dome with mosaic and to place a splendid baldacchino in the choir, but there is no positive evidence of his views respecting any further decorations. Sir James Thornhill's paintings in the cupola are well known. No other step was taken in this direction for half a century after Wren's death. It was in 1773 that Sir Joshua Reynolds, at the Royal Academy, made a suggestion of some more pictures; this was gladly welcomed by the Dean and Chapter, but was refused by the Archbishop and Bishop as savouring of Popish superstition. Thornhill's pictures were restored by Mr. Parris in 1833. In 1858, when Bishop Tait proposed to Dean Milman the popular evening services under the dome, an opportunity was found by the Dean for appealing to public liberality in this cause. He submitted to general consideration "that, instead of the cold, dull, unedifying, unseemly appearance of the interior, the Cathedral within should be made worthy of its exterior grandeur and beauty. I should wish," he continued, "to see such decorations introduced into St. Paul's as may give some splendour, while they would not disturb the solemnity, or the exquisitely harmonious simplicity, of the edifice; some colour to enliven and gladden the eye, from foreign or native marbles, the most permanent and safe mode of embellishing a building exposed to the atmosphere of London. I would see the dome, instead of brooding like a dead weight over the area below, expanding and elevating the soul towards heaven. I would see the sullen white of the roof, the arches, the cornices, the

capitals, and the walls, broken and relieved by gilding, as we find it by experience the most lasting, as well as the most appropriate, decoration. I would see the adornment carried out in a rich and harmonious, and as far as possible from a gaudy, style in unison with our simpler form of worship. After the experiments which have lately been made, to marbles and gilding mosaics would probably be added." In pursuance of this letter from Dean Milman, a sum of £24,000 was raised, part of which was spent in providing for the accommodation of the evening services, and part for the decorations of the building; but Mr. Longman disapproves of what has been done in the introduction of heavily coloured painted windows. Soon after Dean Milman's death a renewed effort was made to raise subscriptions, which by the end of July, 1871, amounted to nearly £40,000. The Queen's thanksgiving service, in February, 1872, for the recovery of the Prince of Wales from his illness, was made the starting-point of a fresh attempt to complete this national work; and Mr. William Burges has been appointed the architect for its execution when the funds shall be sufficient. In conclusion, after describing the cathedral as it stands, in which he follows Mr. Gwilt, Sir Henry Ellis, Mr. Fergusson, and Mr. George Wightwick, noticing also the criticisms which have been made of its architecture, Mr. Longman offers a very few suggestions for "the future of St. Paul's." He recommends that the interior of the dome, and cupolas of the side aisles, should be treated in mosaic, and that colour should also be obtained by the surface use of marbles laid upon the stone. Gilding in certain parts is indispensable; but painting, except as a mere coloured wash in required positions, must be rejected as unsuitable to our climate. Figures will therefore only be introduced in the mosaics of the dome, the cupolas, and the spandrels. The treatment of colour in the pavement is also a matter of great importance. We trust that the architect, the committee, and the cathedral authorities will attend to these modest hints from Mr. Longman; and we hope that his book will have the good effect of encouraging public liberality to supply the wherewithal.

The middle-aged reader of light periodicals will perhaps remember that his boyhood, in the reign of William IV., was amused with many a clever thing in *Fraser's Magazine*, which in those days followed the Edinburgh *Blackwood* in the path of humorous satirical personalities at the expense of literary or political bigwigs. The late Daniel Maclise, R.A., was the artist who sketched and grouped their portraits, while Dr. Maginn, the witty Irish scholar, who fenced with such rollicking fury for the Tory party, used to write the brief critical and biographical notices. This set of contemporary notables was not unlike the present series in *Vanity Fair*, or that in *Once a Week*; but the tone of Maginn's contributions was often too bitter, with a licence of detraction and obloquy which would not now be allowed. Those harsh strictures are corrected by Mr. W. Bates, a Professor of Classics in Queen's College, Birmingham, with notes and comments written in a milder spirit of maturer judgment, and with more attention to correctness of detail. The whole collection, entitled *A Gallery of Illustrious Literary Characters*, forms a handsome and entertaining volume, published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus, successors to Mr. John Camden Hotten, of Piccadilly. Among the persons who figure in this book, to the number of eighty-three, are some who are praised or even flattered, as well as many ridiculed or defamed, by the reckless partisan scribe who accompanied the artist in his work of portraiture. We find here Sir Walter Scott, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Lamb, Campbell, Moore, Rogers, Washington Irving, Lord Brougham, Lord John Russell, Bulwer, Leigh Hunt, Theodore Hook, Sydney Smith, O'Connell, Carlyle, Thackeray, Buckstone, Cruikshank, and others of greater or less note, a few of them still living at this day. The portraits as engraved are of unequal merit, but most of them were thought good likenesses of the men as they appeared forty years ago; and they are full of characteristic expression.

One of the most desirable gift-books of the season is a volume containing sixteen fine examples of *Our British Portrait Painters*, with descriptive and historical notices written by Mr. Edmund Ollier, and recommended by his usual fine discernment and good taste. This volume is published by Messrs. Virtue, Spalding, and Daldy. The subjects which it presents are the portraits of La Belle Hamilton, by Sir Peter Lely; Garrick and his wife, by Hogarth; the Duchess of Devonshire and Sir Abraham Hume, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, with one of Sir Joshua himself by his own hand; Lady Hamilton, by Romney; the Royal Princesses, by Copley; also Princess Amelia, Princess Charlotte, the Countess of Darnley, Lady Dover, and Sir Walter Scott, by Sir T. Lawrence; Morton, the dramatist, by Sir Martin Archer Shee; Sir David Wilkie, by Phillips; the Royal Sisters, Princess Louise and Princess Helena, by Sant; and the portrait of J. W. M. Turner, by that artist himself. We regret to miss Gainsborough from the series; but those here given are eminently good, and they are fairly represented by the engravings as now reproduced.

Another book of this class, which will be very acceptable, is the *Beauties of English Landscape, Drawn by Birket Foster* (G. Routledge and Sons.) The engravings, by Messrs. Dalziel, Cooper, Evans, and Harral, are accompanied by extracts from some of the best English poetry, selected with judgment and suitable to the character and occasion of the view depicted by the artist, whose pencil has done so much to interpret the rural scenery of his native land.

An attractive volume published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall is that on the *Manners, Customs, and Dress of the Middle Ages and during the Renaissance Period*, by M. Paul Lacroix, whose nom-de-plume is familiar to readers of contemporary French literature as "Le Bibliophile Jacob." This book, which now appears in an English translation, is adorned and illustrated by fifteen chromolithographs and more than 400 wood engravings, which give a more distinct idea of figures and fashions than could be given by any mere verbal description. The extensive and various range of subjects treated by the author in above five hundred entertaining pages comprises all those curious details of social and domestic life which are desirable to make us feel at home with the people of former generations. He begins with an account of the legal condition of persons and lands from the fall of the Roman Empire to the decay of the feudal system in the nations of Western Europe; and with an examination of the established rights and privileges, whether feudal or municipal, that tempered the reign of rude violence during this period of a thousand years. But his third chapter enters the more agreeable domain of private life in the castles, the towns, and the dwellings of rustic peasantry. The houses, the clothes, the food and cookery, the games and pastimes, especially hunting and hawking or other fowling, the trade, money, and taxes, the commercial and manufacturing guilds, the courts of law and the secret tribunals of social vengeance or mutual protection, the fantastic and horrible punishments, and the pompous ceremonials of the olden time, are vividly described. A predominance is naturally given to that which belongs to the several provinces now united to form the modern state of France, including Normandy,

Provence, Burgundy, and Lorraine, also to Flanders and the western and southern parts of Germany, with some Italian communities with which France had much to do. There is comparatively little here displayed of the manners and customs of our English ancestors, but this information is amply supplied by Mr. Thomas Wright and other learned antiquaries, who have a pleasant way of communicating their knowledge. The work of M. Paul Lacroix has the same literary and historical character.

The admirers of Ossian's poems, with whom we desire to have no controversy, should thank Signor Paolo Priolo for a series of vigorous and effective designs representing the chief incidents of the Gaelic narrative romance. His subjects are found in the stories of Comala, of Carthon and Cromla, of the wars of Caros and Inisthona, of Fingal and Swaran, of Moirni, Gaul, and Eivirallin, of Fingal's dog Bran, the meeting of Basminn with Fearg-Thonn, and the loves of Conlath and Cuthona. The artist has certainly produced a set of drawings which have in themselves a high degree of merit, and which are suitable to their purpose as *Illustrations of Ossian's Poems*. Each of the engravings, twelve in number, is explained by a short note setting forth the "argument" of the passage referred to in Ossian. These notes are supplied by Mr. John Murdoch, of Inverness, editor of the *Highlander*; and the publication is dedicated to the Duke of Richmond, as President of the Highland Society of London.

The late Mr. Keble's devotional poetry for the Sundays and Church holidays of the ecclesiastical calendar, entitled *The Christian Year*, has gained a place which it will long keep in the affections of a large class of serious readers. An illustrated edition of this very popular work is now published by Messrs. Routledge and Sons. The designs, of which there are sixty-two, engraved by Mr. Cooper, are contributed by Sir John Gilbert, Messrs. W. B. Scott, R. Barnes, H. C. Selous, and other competent artists; but a few are copied from Raphael's cartoons or some pictures by the old masters.

The familiar charm of natural truth and unaffected simplicity in the writing of our old friend Thomas Miller is always pleasing. We like no book of all the heap on our table better than his *Common Wayside Flowers* (Routledge), with its twenty-four beautiful drawings by Birket Foster, very nicely and carefully printed in colours by Edmund Evans. This is a more satisfactory gift than some volumes of twice or thrice its cost, and of great apparent splendour.

To the lover of the country—that is, of our own country—with its national and local history, there can be no more agreeable topics of description than he will find ably treated in *The Stately Homes of England* (Virtue and Co.). The authors, Mr. Llewellyn Jewitt and Mr. S. C. Hall, prepared these memoirs for the pages of the *Art-Journal*, in which they have mostly been published, but they are now enlarged and rendered more complete. The noble mansions and demesnes here visited are Alton Towers, in Staffordshire, Alnwick Castle, Northumberland; Haddon Hall, Chatsworth, and Hardwick Hall, Derbyshire; Arundel Castle, Sussex; Penshurst and Cobham Hall, Kent; Cassiobury, Herts; Mount Edgecumbe, Devon; and Cotheloe, Cornwall. These are illustrated by not less than 210 engravings. Several pleasant excursions may be enjoyed in imagination over the volume before us.

Mr. W. Ralston, an artist and story-teller possessing no slight degree of power in the humorous delineation of rustic life and native manners, comes before the public with *Sketches of Highland Character* (Edmonston and Douglas). His report of the talk of a company of drovers over their cups, on board the steam-boat going round the Mull of Cantyre, and his pictures of different figures and groups at the most animated periods of their conversation, are exceedingly droll, and full of genuine comedy. We feel almost sorry to arrive at Oban, and to part with such amusing fellows as Glenbogary and Scodaraach, Mr. Cameron and Mr. Dobbs, though some of them have been quarrelsome. The six illustrations are cleverly and truthfully drawn, and are very effectively produced in the engravings by Mr. Ballingall.

Visitors to the Zoological Society's Gardens in Regent's Park may have admired the collection of beautiful coloured drawings in a room of the building opposite the kangaroo-yards, and close to the serpent-house. They represent many wild beasts and birds in the habits of their natural condition, amidst the scenery of forest, mountain, or river where these animals are commonly found, and often show them engaged in feeding, fighting, or pairing, with striking truth of gesture. The artist, Mr. Joseph Wolf, though we are not aware that he has ever travelled much in remote lands under a tropical clime, shows a wonderful knowledge of all these subjects, and a faculty in some degree like Sir Edwin Landseer's, of realising by force of sympathetic imagination the passions of the animals he has studied, and of rendering their characteristic expression in his pictures. He has contributed many drawings on wood or stone to books of travel or natural history or romantic fiction; but, intending henceforth to withdraw from that branch of employment, he lately placed in the hands of Messrs. J. W. Whymper and Ed. Whymper, for engraving, a series of twenty designs, which are accompanied with an interesting commentary by Mr. Daniel G. Elliott, the American traveller and naturalist. *The Life and Habits of Wild Animals*, published by Alexander Macmillan and Co., is an attractive table-book to beguile the dull hour of enforced social idleness in a drawing-room where the company have little to say to each other. They will find relief in a look at these stirring figures of the strong, the agile, the fierce and beautiful creatures, free to exert their utmost energies and to live after their nature in the wilderness that owns no human lord.

The accomplished art-critic and amateur artist, Mr. Philip Gilbert Hamilton, is a lover of our dumb companions—our dogs and cats, our horses, asses, oxen, goats, pigs, and poultry; and, dwelling as he now does in rural France, he has a familiar acquaintance with wild boars and wolves. His new book, *Chapters on Animals*, is ornamented with twenty etchings by Messrs. J. Veyrassat and Karl Bodmer, which add their charm of graphic truth to that of his pleasing style and spirit as a writer upon many agreeable subjects. The publishers are Messrs. Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday.

We are pleased again to meet that indefatigable author of so many books on the structure and habits of animals, but more particularly of birds and insects, the Rev. J. G. Wood. His compendious work *The Illustrated Natural History*, which was published in three volumes, is now compressed into one (Routledge and Sons). Some additions have been made, and some corrections to keep up with the present state of zoological science. The engravings, from designs by Wolf, Zwecker, Harrison Weir, Coleman, Harvey, and others, are very numerous; and the general merits of the book, as a popular treatise, will continue to be its recommendation.

Nothing ought to be said in dispraise of *A Book of Fair Women* (Cassell, Petter, and Galpin), and it is therefore not remarked by way of an objection that the idea of such a collection of soft-sounding verses, and fancy pictures of heroines more or less worthy to stir the twittering chords of a young man's heart, is a notion which may be regarded as common-

place. The editor, Mr. G. Manville Fenn, has been assisted by a number of poetical contributors to find something gentle and graceful to say upon each pictured subject. The "fair women" are forty in number, but not one of them will ever own to being forty in the years of her age.

The amateurs of pottery, and porcelain, and china ware, if they wish to be learned in those matters, are invited to peruse *The History of the Ceramic Art*, by M. Albert Jacquemart, which Mrs. Bury Palliser has translated (Sampson Low, Marston, and Searle). It is a volume of more than six hundred closely-printed pages, illustrated with two hundred woodcuts, twelve etchings on steel, and a thousand small representations of marks and monograms. The subject is treated by M. Jacquemart with extreme minuteness and on a very comprehensive plan, ranging from the manufactures of China and Japan, of ancient Assyria, India, Persia, and Egypt, and of classic Greece and Rome, to those of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance period in Italy and France, and those of Germany established in the eighteenth century. Mr. Chaffers, Miss Meteyard, and other writers have described the rise and progress of the art in England, and the great advance in it obtained by the genius of Wedgwood. This book, which carries the subject further back, will interest some of their readers.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

CHRISTMAS MUSIC.

In accordance with the serious aspect of the season, first in importance—not in that respect only, but also as a product of the highest order of musical thought—must be placed the new edition, just published by Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co., of Bach's "Christmas Oratorio." Although this work is nearly as well known in Germany as the same composer's St. Matthew "Passion Music," the reverse is the case in this country. The latter was revived at one of the oratorio concerts (at Exeter Hall) in 1870, and has been several times repeated, the last occasion having been at the third concert of the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society, on the 13th ult., as noticed at the time. To the general English public the "Christmas Oratorio" is unknown, no London performance of it having yet been given. The knowledge of it, however, can scarcely fail to be soon largely extended by its production at the fourth concert of the society just referred to (on Dec. 15), and its preceding publication, as noticed above. Whether it can ever take equal rank with "The Messiah" in English estimation may, perhaps, be doubtful—this being so strongly identified with national as well as religious sympathies; but that the work of Bach is analogous in sublimity and genius to that of Handel has long been known to cultivated students, and may now be made more widely evident by the handsome and timely volume which Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co. have placed within general reach by the smallness of the price required for its purchase. It is brought out in that convenient form (large octavo) which is now so frequently adopted, the print and paper are alike good, and the music is given with an English translation carefully adapted by the Rev. J. Troutbeck, who had previously exercised the same office in the edition of Bach's St. John "Passion Music," issued by the same publishers.

Another volume appropriate to the season (likewise from the firm of Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co.) is a collection of "Carols, Old and New," the words of which are edited by the Rev. H. R. Bramley, and the music by Dr. Stainer. The design is to provide "a single source from which all who are so disposed may draw songs suitable in sentiment and style for the sacred and joyous season of our Lord's nativity." The book contains forty-two pieces, many of the melodies being ancient and traditional, others having been specially contributed by well-known composers of the day. In addition to the musical and antiquarian interest of the volume, it has a value as a handsome table-book, if only on account of the many beautiful engravings which it contains, executed by the Brothers Dalziel, from drawings by themselves and other eminent artists. A more acceptable gift-book can scarcely be found.

For younger recipients a handsome present is provided—also by Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co.—in a work entitled "Sacred Songs for Little Singers." The words have been supplied by Frances Ridley Havergal, and the music is composed and arranged by Mr. Randegger. The twelve pieces here comprised are calculated, both poetically and musically, to interest young children, and to cultivate religious sentiment and a feeling for melody.

Robert Schumann's "Hymn for Advent"—a setting of the "Advent-lied" of F. Rückert, for solo voices, chorus, and orchestra—has just been published by the newly-established house of Stanley Lucas, Weber, and Co., of New Bond-street. These publishers have already distinguished themselves by some publications of special interest, particularly by an edition of Brahms's "Deutsches Requiem," other large and important works being announced by them. That by Schumann, now referred to, is classed as op. 71, and it belongs, perhaps, to his best period. Messrs. Lucas and Weber's edition is very neatly printed, in large octavo form, with a capital pianoforte arrangement of the orchestral score, and a carefully translated English text (by Madame Macfarren), in addition to the original German. As with other vocal works of Schumann, the music of the "Advent-lied" is so full of beauty that public performance must before long make it more generally known—a result that will be largely promoted by the opportunity now afforded of possessing it for the sum of two shillings.

Having noticed those productions which appeal to the religious sentiments of the period, we may turn to others of a lighter class, anticipatory of the social gatherings and festivities which succeed to the sacred observances of the season. Dance music, songs, and ballads of course here claim pre-eminence. To begin with the former.

Messrs. Chappell and Co.'s "Musical Magazine" has now reached its 105th number, the current issue being appropriated, according to annual custom, entirely to dance music for Christmas use. For one shilling we have here a collection of eleven pieces—waltzes, galops, quadrilles, by Strauss, D'Albert, and D. Godfrey, the latter of whom has contributed a new waltz. All the music here collected is well suited for its joyous purpose, and the number will doubtless find a large sale.

Messrs. Metzler's monthly serial, "The Popular Musical Library," also includes the issue of a special Christmas Number. Here, likewise, for a shilling, is a collection of dance pieces of various kinds, comprising the forms of the quadrille, the waltz, the galop, and the polka—nine numbers making up a good return for the small investment required. Among other names in the list of composers are those of Strauss, Offenbach, and Godfrey.

Another seasonable publication is "Cramer's New Dance Album" for 1874, the early issue of which will render it available for those social gatherings which prevail at the close of the old year as much as at the opening of the new one. The neat volume now alluded to contains a set of quadrilles, a waltz, a galop, and a polka by C. H. R. Marriott; and another set of quadrilles, by F. Godfrey, entitled "Merrie Old Times," and

founded on old English melodies. In the galop Mr. Marriott has included a vocal intermezzo. All these pieces are spirited, and suited to the purposes of the various dances signified by their titles.

A further addition to the dance music of the season (from the house of Messrs. R. Cocks and Co.) is "The Naiads," by Hubert Herkomer, a set of five waltz movements, with introduction and coda. The quiet tone of the preliminary movement, "moderato," is well contrasted with the vivacity of those which follow, and the whole is wound up with a spirited finale. Messrs. Cocks have also issued a set of quadrilles, by W. Smallwood, entitled, "The Garden Party," and written for two performers on the pianoforte. The five movements comprised herein are appropriated to the well-known orthodox figures of the dance, the rhythms of which are well maintained in music that has much spirit, and can be rendered by four moderately skilled hands. A second set of pieces of a similar class, by the same hand (from the same publishers), is the "Moselle Quadrilles." These are written for a single performer, and will also be found well adapted for their intended purpose.

Among the musical publications suitable for Christmas gifts may be mentioned the first year's volumes, just completed, of the "Musical Monthly," a magazine of new copyright music, which has now reached its twelfth issue, in its two divisions of vocal and instrumental pieces. The work is published by Messrs. Enoch and Son, of Berners-street, and is edited by Sir Julius Benedict, who has contributed to each of the two volumes; among other well-known names associated with his being those of Franz Abt, Frederic Clay, M. Delaborde, M. Gounod, J. L. Hatton, Chevalier de Kotski, F. Kücken, G. A. Macfarren, Mendelssohn (in a posthumous song), C. Pinsuti, A. Randegger, C. Salaman, Madame Sainton-Dolby, Henry Smart, E. Süss, Berthold Tours, W. Taubert, Wollenhaupt, and others. The work is beautifully engraved and printed, and the cost price is but a few shillings for the whole year's issue.

Of songs and ballads there is a plentiful supply, in the sentimental and other styles. To notice individually the multitude of new productions of these kinds would be impossible. All we can do at present is briefly to draw attention to some of the most prominent.

Messrs. Boosey and Co. have issued some pleasing vocal music, which will be welcome in drawing-room circles. In the ballad style, "One Happy Year Ago," by A. S. Gatty, is expressive; while "Letty's Dower," by Henriette, is of a somewhat arch character. Two songs—"Bride Bells," by J. L. Roeckel, and "Only a Violet," by F. H. Cowen—are good specimens of the sentimental style. All these songs lie within a very moderate compass, and are suited for a voice of any calibre.

Among other active contributors to the stock of drawing-room vocal music are Messrs. Duff and Stewart. Their recent issues comprise several pieces that are well suited to the prevailing taste. Franz Abt's song, "Absence and Return," is pleasing in its melody, that and the accompaniment being devoid of difficulty. Mr. Hatton's "Song of the Sea-Breeze" has a robust vigour of style well suited to the nautical character of the subject. Mr. Lindsay Sloper's song, "Tit for Tat," has much piquancy, and will contrast well with pieces of a more sentimental kind. Mr. Levey's setting of "On a day, alack the day!" needs no recommendation, having found due praise in its performance by Miss Banks in the Drury Lane representation of "Antony and Cleopatra." Mr. Duggan's ballad, "Can'st thou forget the past?" has an agreeable flowing melody, and may be made much of by a singer possessed of feeling. "Choose your partners"—words and music by R. Reece—is a song in waltz time, the characteristics of which dance-form are well preserved throughout. Lady Baker's song, to words by Gerald Massey, "This world is full of beauty," is simple and unpretending in style.

Messrs. J. B. Cramer and Co. still maintain their publishing activity, proofs of which are before us in several new pieces. "Happy Voices," song, and "The Love Token," duet, are both by Odoardi Barri. The first may be made effective by a contralto or mezzo soprano, and the second by a voice of the same class in association with one of a somewhat higher range. "Clear the Way," by Miss Virginia Gabriel, was composed for Signor Federici, and is therefore intended for a baritone voice, but it is equally suitable for a contralto. There is much marked character in the melody, and the accompaniment is well in keeping, altogether forming a good specimen of Miss Gabriel's style.

From Messrs. Mills and Sons we have two new vocal pieces by Miss Elizabeth Philp. One of these is a song, "The Birds are singing for you and me;" the other being an Italian romanza, "La Pazza." The words of the former (by "M. H.") contain a nice vein of sentiment neatly expressed, and the melody and its accompaniment are extremely pleasing and appropriate. In the romanza Miss Philp has been equally successful. In each case the prevailing melody is interspersed with some recitative passages, with good effect of contrast. Both pieces lie within the most ordinary compass of voice.

THE CHRISTMAS WATCH.

There are different ways of keeping the vigil of Christmas Eve. Some would rather pass these hours of significant waiting with the congregation met for prayer and praise in a church or other place of Christian worship; but there are many who choose to be sitting in a circle of festive merry-makers round a blazing log-fire, with nuts on the hob, punch in the bowl, a cheerful smile on every face, and kind good humour in every heart of the assembled friends. Few persons, having their own free choice, would like on this night of the year to be in the place of Mr. Petherick's Highland sentinel, pacing the lofty ramparts of a fortress in the north country, with the flakes of snow whirling dizzily before his eyes, and with cold blasts of wind now and then cutting his flesh beneath the kilt, as he turns the corner to a more exposed side of the building. It is quite certain that Donald, or Colin, or whatever be his name, does not care a bogle for such nocturnal loneliness or the inclemencies of wintry weather; he is content to be on guard and on duty; the sharp wind and thick-falling snow are his old playfellows, from the earliest years of a hardy boyhood in the moorland cottage where he was born and reared. The even pace of his silent steps on the soft white surface which he treads is favourable to a prolonged meditation; and this may either lead his mind to dwell among those whom he loves, in the home that he left when called to serve his country as a soldier, or it may lend wings to aspiration for a higher flight, as the true Scotchman has a good deal of soul in his stalwart body, and seldom utterly loses the last trace of a sound religious education he has most likely received in his youth. Men of this race and character, in several well-known regiments of the British Army, have given proofs of their valour and fidelity wherever the flag has been carried. If it were not for them, who knows but that some foreign enemy might come to spoil our peaceful Christmas in London, and make it like that Paris Christmas three years ago?



THE CHRISTMAS WATCH.—DRAWN BY H. PETHERICK.



THE FIRST QUADRILLE.—DRAWN BY F. BARNARD.



THE LAST GALOP.—DRAWN BY F. BARNARD.

Archæology of the Month.

In Bishopsgate-street Without remains to this day part of the mansion of Sir Paul Pindar, the wealthy merchant, contemporary with Sir Thomas Gresham. Sir Paul's house is of sixteenth-century date, and, though it has long been occupied as an ale-house, for some twenty years past a benevolent society has existed there for the relief of the poor, by gifts of bread and coals at the most inclement season; and a few days ago the society celebrated their anniversary by a dinner at the London Tavern, at which one hundred gentlemen were present, and subscribed £500—a much larger sum than hitherto collected on such an occasion, and entitled to special notice, even at this season of good cheer; all which, as Pepys would have said, "it is pleasant to see."

It is curious to observe how antiquities crop up after long intervals. A few days ago was described by a contemporary a house in Old Fish-street, with a grotto under it, beneath an old house in Knight-riding-street, an illustrated account of which old place appeared in our Journal some twenty years ago.

A fresh entry with regard to the poet Chaucer has been found in the Record Office by Mr. Furnivall. In a schedule of the members of the Royal household—from the King to the stable-grooms—who were to have a gift of clothes at Christmas, in the fortieth year of Edward III.'s reign, A.D. 1366, the name "Geoffrey Chaucer" occurs among thirty-seven "Esquiers" of the King.

Mr. J. R. Mortimer has examined three tumuli in the "Garton Stack," near Driffield, in which tumuli were twelve interments by inhumation and four by cremation. The relics accompanying consist of a jet button, bone pins, flint axes, knives, &c.; a fine earthenware food-vessel, and four elegantly-formed drinking-cups, one uninjured.

Sir James Thornhill, the Dorset worthy and father-in-law of Hogarth, it will be remembered, built an obelisk to the memory of George II. and Queen Caroline. Some years ago nearly the whole of the memorial was blown down, it is stated, during a storm. Mr. Boucher, of Thornhill House, has recently rebuilt the obelisk of Box stone, the whole solid throughout.

"The Peter's Pence Fund" is flourishing. According to the returns, they have amounted to 71,000,000*l.* during the last eight years. Late returns are stated up to the present to reach 400,000,000*l.*, so that there is no apprehension as to the safety of the temporal possessions of his Holiness.

The Messrs. de Rothschild have presented to the Paris Administration of Fine Arts several columns, statues, and bas-reliefs from the ruins of a temple dedicated to Apollo-Didymus, discovered in the neighbourhood of Mileto, Anatolia, in the excavations made at the cost of these gentlemen. These relics are to be placed in the Musée des Antiques at the Louvre.

Mr. S. H. Beckles writes touching the "South Wealden exploration" that in the boring now in progress the Kimmeridge clay would be the first sub-Wealden strata encountered, and so it has proved.

Outside the south-western walls of York, opposite the ruins of St. Mary's Abbey, clearance is making for a new station of the North-Eastern Railway upon the site used as a Roman cemetery for a great length of time. Here are found thick strata of Roman bricks, mortar, and pottery, mingled with fragments of wall-plaster, on which coloured patterns are still distinct; as well as a cemetery coffin, imperfect when it was bought—1600 years ago.

At the late meeting of the Archæological Institute the chairman—Sir S. D. Scott, Bart.—touched upon Sir John Lubbock's Bill for the Preservation of Ancient Monuments, the pith of which has been almost destroyed by the removal of "the compensation clause," at the instance of the Government. Two occasions have presented themselves for the exercise of the power of this bill—the destruction of ancient stone monuments in the West of England, and a proposal to alter Bamburgh Castle, in Northumberland, into a convalescent home, in pursuance of a scheme of the Charity Commissioners, which scheme, it is hoped, will not be carried out.

The union of City benefices progresses well. It is now proposed to unite St. Benet's, Paul's-wharf, with St. Peter's, Paul's-wharf; and St. Andrew-by-the-Wardrobe with St. Anne's, Blackfriars. St. Benet's was rebuilt in 1683, by Wren; it is of red brick, and has a domed tower. It contains a monument of Brooke, the Somerset Herald; and Inigo Jones was buried here: the first church was built more than 600 years ago. St. Andrew-by-the-Wardrobe was restored by Wren, in 1692, at a cost of £7060 odd.

Mr. T. J. Hutchinson has read to the Anthropological Institute a paper "On Explorations amongst Ancient Burial Grounds, chiefly on the Seacoast Valleys of Peru." The result of the author's examinations of the celebrated Pacha-Cámac inclined him to the belief that there were no evidences of either a Temple of the Sun or a House of the Virgins there, as no proof exists that the Incas ever occupied those valleys after they are reported to have conquered them. The strange peculiarity in these pre-historic earth-mounds arises from the fact of their terraces all approximating to multiples of twelve. Dr. Sims also exhibited to the above society a flattened skull, found in Mameluke Island, Columbia River, and described the practice of flattening the head in infancy among the native Americans.

In Chelsea old church Sir Thomas More built a chapel, which does not belong to the church, but has for many years been possessed by private persons, who have made a gain of it by letting the seats. There is now an opportunity of buying the chapel for a moderate sum, but greater than the Incumbent can expect to raise unless assisted by his congregation; and, as he will make the chapel a part of the church, we wish him success in his good work.

Two of the stone cairns discovered on the banks of the river Eye, near Ayton, have been opened. They were found to contain human skeletons. The remains, which are said to be those of ancient Britons, are about 2000 years old.

A paper was recently read, before the Cambridge Philosophical Society, by Mr. Sedley Taylor, late Fellow of Trinity College, on "A Suspected Forgery in the Vatican Manuscript of the Trial of Galileo before the Inquisition." The object of the paper was to show, in accordance with the views of recent German and Italian authorities, that the sentence pronounced against Galileo, in 1633, was based on a spurious document fabricated for the express purpose of securing his condemnation. The evidence adduced to support this conclusion was taken partly from the works and letters of Galileo and partly from the contemporary records of the trial preserved in the archives of the Inquisition, portions of which have been lately published for the first time. The result of the paper was to exonerate Galileo completely from the charge of contumacy which all his biographers have hitherto either advanced or tacitly admitted.

Lovers of ancient art will rejoice, says the *Globe*, at a discovery just made in Cyprus. Held in succession by the Egyptian, the Persian, the Greek, and the Roman, it is not wonderful that traces of their occupation should occasionally occur in the island. And Cyprus has furnished the archæologist with a goodly stock of materials. The latest addition

promises to be of exceptional interest. At Palaia Lemessos, the accepted site of the ancient Amathus, on the southern coast, and six miles distant from Limasol, men have for some time past been engaged in digging stones for Port Said, on the opposite coast of the Mediterranean. They unearthed a colossal statue, in calcareous stone, of Hercules holding a lion before him by the hind paw. The statue is perfect down to the knees, but the legs are wanting. It measures in its present shape nine feet in length. The limbs are thick set and heavy, and the whole is said to be of very archaic workmanship. This is the only information we have for an opinion on the age and origin of the same. Amathus was one of the oldest towns in Cyprus, and was colonised at an early period by the Phœnicians, who first introduced the worship of Hercules under the name of "Melkart" or "Malika." The work is, however, probably early Greek. Whether we shall have the means of judging for ourselves is doubtful. The discovery was made in a plot of private land belonging to the British Vice-Consul at Limasol, near Pietro Loiso. That functionary was quickly on the spot, settled about the price with the labourers, and thus became sole proprietor of the treasure, with a view of sending it to the British Museum. Then his difficulties began. The Governor of Cyprus interfered, claiming the huge relic of antiquity for the Imperial Museum of Constantinople. The dispute has not yet terminated, and will in all likelihood be shifted to Stamboul for settlement. Meanwhile, the statue, guarded by "zaptiehs," remains on the spot where it was found.

THE FIRST QUADRILLE

AND

THE LAST GALOP.

Precise and prim, demurely rigid,
With formal bows and curtsies frigid,
The first quadrille is gone through dumbly,
Each partner setting, turning glumly,
As though, in his and her despite,
Performing some funereal rite,
With solemn air, lugubrious grace,
All gladness banished from the face,
As quite unfitted for the season,
And to Decorum's self high treason.
Neglected wall-flowers all the while
Sit coldly mute, without a smile,
In freezing stateliness, until
The very air is icy chill.
The funny person's funniest joke
Seems in its utterance to choke;
Fast-sticking, frost-bound, in his throat,
As in Munchausen's horn each note
Froze as it formed, till genial weather
Set free the locked-up tunes together.

But soon the spirit of the hour
Exerts o'er all its magic power.
In virtue of Dame Nature's law,
Together youth and beauty draw—
As mothers run to infants' cry,
As hungry feed when food is nigh,
As to the magnet steel will hold,
As misers cling unto their gold;
And iciest natures thaw at last,
Like icebergs when the winter's past.
First that impetuous madcap Bella
Is bitten by the tarantella;
And straight the whole come following after,
With quips and cranks and ringing laughter.
St. Vitus has them in his grip,
And makes them, willy-nilly, skip.
Now all are frantically setting,
Chassez-ing, turning, pirouetting;
Advancing now, and now retreating;
Their steps such merry music beating,
That scarce the twanging violin
Is heard amid the boisterous din.

And when the last—the very last—
Mad galop comes they trip it fast,
To quickening tune increase their pace,
For Finis stares them in the face.
So round and round, and to and fro,
Like dancing dervishes they go;
And chased and chasing ever flee
In giddy maze of ecstasy.
Yet damsels in their swiftest flight
Can shoot their Parthian arrows bright—
Keen arrows, tipped with pleasing pain—
Into the breast of passing swain;
So frankly gay and debonair,
They have for each a smile to spare;
And with their partners hold a chat
Quite airily on this and that.
Sometimes, with deeper feelings stirred,
Their whispered talk is scarcely heard;
Soft question meets with low reply,
That bears the semblance of a sigh,
But 'tis forsworn by kindling glance
And greater fervour in the dance;
Entranced, around their partners twirling,
Meanwhile in larger orbit whirling;
As our fair moon doth circling run
Her twofold course round earth and sun;
Or as twin stars, bound with one tether,
Revolve perpetually together.
The final moment comes at last—
On wings of joy the hours fly fast!
E'en when the dance is at its best,
And not the stoutest thinks of rest;
While Mister Broad, with ponderous grace,
Though scant of breath, still keeps the pace,
Lured by that winsome darling Janet
To make himself a frisky planet,
Teetotum huge, or humming-top,
That once set spinning who can stop?
When yet with undiminished zeal,
Pursuing and pursued they wheel,
The dance is brought to sudden stand,
As nerveless drops the fiddler's hand.

Then come the cloaking, wrapping, shawling;
And fathers for their daughters calling,
The while some ardent lovers pray
For just a moment's sweet delay?
Only one word? some little token?
O joy! the magic word is spoken,
And lives all grimly dark before
With Love's warm hues are rainbowed o'er.

JOHN LATEY.

SCIENTIFIC RESULTS OF THE MONTH.

Professor Fleming Jenken, in the inaugural address which he lately delivered to the engineering class in Edinburgh University, has drawn public attention to the great loss from friction which occurs in working cotton-mills, amounting to at least five sixths of the whole power generated by the engine. In overcoming the friction of the engine itself, and of the heavy gearing in connection with it, he reckons that one third of the power is wasted; and the residue of the loss has to be divided between the friction on of the shafting and of the different machines. The consequence of this loss is that it takes nearly as much power to drive a cotton-mill when run without doing any work as when every machine is duly performing its proper task; and it becomes a problem of importance to construct the machinery of cotton-mills in such a way as to make the waste from friction a minimum. We long ago called attention to the circumstance that, in the case of rolling-mills for iron of the old Welsh construction, nearly as much power was consumed when the mill was not rolling iron as when it was; and we deduced from this circumstance the conclusion that the complex gearing and the long trains of shafting which were the usual concomitants of such mills, should be discarded, and that a compound engine of the marine type should be coupled direct to each mill, which would thus be driven without intervening gearing. Professor Fleming Jenken shows that an analogous necessity exists in the case of cotton-mills; and in place of the old slow-moving engines, which involve the necessity of much intermediate gearing to bring up the speed, the proper course certainly is to employ compounds with the cranks at right angles, and with the reciprocating parts balanced on Mr. Bourne's plan, so as to reconcile high speed with steady working.

Various methods of purifying iron from sulphur and phosphorus have lately been propounded. By the Bessemer process of forcing a current of air through the molten pig iron only the carbon is burnt out. The sulphur and phosphorus remain in the metal, and it is an object of importance to be able to expel those contaminating ingredients. Tessie du Motay uses an aero-dynamic purifier, whereby certain chemical substances are passed through the molten pig to purify it. A flux is used containing lime, fluor-spar, oxide of iron, and manganese, and the iron is washed by this mixture while in a molten state, and the impurities are thus removed. Bodmer patents the method of injecting metals, carbon, and other substances into the molten mass; and Warner proposes to inject hydrochloric acid, chlorine, and other purifying agents. The use of electricity in the manufacture of iron has been often proposed, and occasionally tried with only very moderate success. But Forquignon again proposes to procure wrought iron or steel from pig iron by electrolysing the molten metal. Levallois proposes to manufacture non-oxidizable steel by melting together soft iron 93 parts, tungsten 6.5 parts, and nickel 0.5 part.

The Rev. J. Crawford has communicated to the *Ayr Observer* the results of some experiments made by him with creosote as an agent for preventing the potato disease, and, on the whole, the application has been very successful. With a small camel-hair brush every eye of the seed-potato was lightly touched with the creosote, and in the produce of the potatoes so treated no disease was found. Potatoes which had only some of the eyes touched yielded a partially diseased produce, and those of which none of the eyes were touched gave a produce much more diseased, while in the case of some which had been painted with the creosote too much the germinating power was destroyed. The germination of potatoes in winter may be prevented by exposing them to the vapour of sulphurous acid.

A correspondent of the *Garden* explains the true origin of the dahlia, first mentioned by Hernandez in his "History of Mexico," in 1651. But the first scientific description of the plant was given by the Abbé Cavanilles, from a specimen which flowered in Madrid, in 1790; and the Abbé named the plant after his friend Andrew Dahl, the Swedish botanist. The dahlia was sent to the Royal Gardens in Madrid, from the Royal Gardens in Mexico. It first flowered in Madrid in 1789, and was introduced by the Marchioness of Bute into England in the same year. But that plant soon perished, and the dahlia did not reappear until 1803, when the old single variety, coccinea, was flowered by Frazer, at Chelsea. Meanwhile, Cavanilles had sent the three varieties known in Madrid to Paris, in 1802, and between that time and 1814 many varieties were raised. Humboldt sent home seed from Mexico in 1804, and from this source the numerous varieties since obtained have been principally derived.

The *Athenæum* states that it had been thought probable that the periodical comet, which was observed in April and May last, and which was discovered at its previous appearance by Tempel, at Marseilles, in 1867, was identical with a cometary object seen at Paris by M. Goldschmidt, on May 16, 1855, when searching for the lost comet of De Vico. This hypothesis, however, has been disproved by Dr. van Asten, of the Pulkowa observatory, who has also shown that this comet is not the same as Comet II., discovered also by Tempel in July last.

A paper by Mr. H. Y. L. Brown, "On the Koetong Tin-field, situated about fifty miles up the Murray river, in Australia, has, recently been printed. The great scarcity of tin renders any exposition of new sources of supply a matter of special interest.

To prevent drain-pipes from being choked by the roots of plants, Mr. Mechi recommends that they should be well coated with coal-tar. The roots, he says, turn away from the tar, evidently sensible of their danger. Without this precaution, he adds, no drain is safe near trees, fences, or even strong-rooted weeds.

Keegan's process for the preparation of wood-pulp for paper-makers is described in *Dingler's Polytechnic Journal*. The wood is cut into pieces $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick and 6 in. to 12 in. long. These are heated in an iron digester with caustic soda, the pressure reaching to 50 lb. per square inch. After half an hour the temperature of the steam is raised to 300 deg. Fahrenheit, by which the resinous matter of the wood is made soluble, when it is washed out. The soda solution can be used over and over again, as it takes up little resin.

To print aniline colours on cotton, 50 grammes of gelatine are dissolved in a litre of water. Potassium bichromate is then added till the colour becomes a pale yellow. The aniline colour is then added and thickened with dextrine or gum. The pieces, after having been printed, are exposed for some hours to light, which makes the gelatine insoluble and it fixes the colour.

Efforts have been made in Dublin to work the public clocks by electricity supplied from a central source. An apparatus termed the chronopher has long been in operation in Telegraph-street, London, which receives time signals from Greenwich and telegraphs them to the chief towns in the kingdom; and the Astronomer Royal lately put this apparatus to a severe test by connecting it by a return wire with Greenwich, placing a galvanometer showing the return current in juxtaposition with a galvanometer indicating the direct current. The indications of the two galvanometers were separated by an almost inappreciable interval of time—certainly under one tenth of a second.

WILSTER HOUSE, 38, Conduit-street, W.

NOSE MACHINE.—This is a contrivance which, applied to the nose for an hour daily, so directs the soft cartilage of which the member consists, that an ill-formed nose is quickly shaped to perfection. Price 10s. 6d., post-free. Pamphlet two stamps.—ALEX. ROSS, 243, High Holborn, London.

ASTHMA and BRONCHITIS effectually relieved by the use of **DATURA TABULA** for "in a most successful attack of Asthma Lord Mansfield had scarcely smoked three Datura Tablets for more than a minute or so when the symptoms abated, and in ten minutes more he was relieved wonderfully. He told me he had used it for years with the most perfect success. Certainly the Inhalation had the most magical effect I ever witnessed."—Dr. J. McVeagh. "I have never known an instance in which relief was not obtained."—J. McVeagh. "I have used this tobacco, in fine, 25, 50, 75, 100, 125, and 150. Cigars and cigar-bags, in b. boxes, 38, 64, 84, and 134. Pastilles for Inhalation, boxes, 24, 64, 84, and 104.

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PAMPHLET,]

ELECTRICITY IS LIFE.

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PULVERMACHER'S PATENT GALVANIC CHAIN-BANDS, BELTS, POCKET BATTERIES, AND ACCESSORIES.

RECENTLY IMPROVED.

APPROVED BY THE ACADEMY OF MEDICINE AT PARIS, AND OTHER MEDICAL AUTHORITIES IN ENGLAND AND ABROAD.

ANOTHER SELECTION OF GENUINE TESTIMONIALS OF RECENT DATE.

MISCONCEPTIONS RELATIVE TO MEDICAL ELECTRICITY.

(From "The Scientific and Literary Review," April, 1873.)

It is a singular fact that the first useful application of Electricity was that of restoring health. Ever since (a century ago) this branch of electrical utility has steadily progressed in spite of the many obstacles which every new discovery is certain to encounter. It was successfully promoted, first by outsiders, and then by scientific members of the medical profession, by whom Electricity, as a curative, will ultimately be generally adopted. The improved means of practically applying this subtle power is an important item in the progress of electro-therapeutics, and in the extensive and ever-growing literature, explaining the various medico-galvanic appliances in use, we find side by side with other scientific apparatus Mr. Pulvermacher's various inventions of Voltaic Chain-Bands, Belts, &c., frequently treated upon in terms flattering to the inventor. We must, however, confess that it puzzled us not a little to find inventions which are so honourably connected with science and represented in its literature struggling for existence by advertisements in those columns of the daily press which are accessible to all comers irrespective of merit. This raised doubt as to the identity of the articles advertised and those referred to in the scientific press; but an opportunity having lately been presented to us of experimenting the apparatus, it at once brought home to our senses, physiologically as well as physically, its bona fide character and efficiency, thus removing our misconceptions, and at the same time explaining why these Chains have acquired such an honourable status.

By a glance at the construction of these Chains, the connoisseur will at once recognise the clever manner in which the inventor has satisfied the scientific conditions for electro generation on the one hand, and those for ease of application on the other.

As we have above seen, the success, both scientific and general, is owing to great simplicity, coupled with great electrical efficiency; and this has, therefore, induced various other persons to put forward contrivances professing to possess similar powers and virtues; but these persons, either from ignorance of the scientific cause of the efficiency of Mr. Pulvermacher's appliances, or else dreading the penalties attending the infringement of his patent rights, claim to have found the secret of producing portable electric and magnetic contrivances without the use of an existing liquid, and without magnets, thus endeavouring to mislead the uninformed. The invention of Mr. Pulvermacher, we find, has been described and favourably commented upon in the following works:—

Bulletin de l'Académie de Médecine, Paris. Veto of thanks to inventor. Vol. X.VI., p. 12	1857
Dr. T. Pereira, F.R.S., &c. Materia Medica, p. 53, ed. 4	1864
National Philosophy. Dr. Lardner, p. 394	1868
Local Electrification. Duchenne, p. 39	1855
Electro-Physiology and Electro-Therapeutics. D. Garratt, of Boston, p. 117	1861
Epileptic and Convulsive Affections. C. B. Radcliffe, M.D., p. 189, ed. 3	1861
Elements of Physics.—Prof. Pointet, p. 694	1856
Bequerel on Electricity, its application in medical treatment, p. 36	1857
Electricity and Medical Treatment. Dr. O. Kowalewski, vol. I., p. 121	1857
Elements of Therapeutic Physics. Dr. Heidreich, p. 248	1854
Application of Electricity. By Viscount Dumoulin, pp. 115 and 119, 2nd ed.	1853
Electricity and Magnetism. By Prof. Bequerel	1856
Guy's Hospital Reports, p. 107	1857
Treatise on Electricity in Theory and Practice, De la Rive, vol. III., p. 44 to 60, 1st ed.	1858
Académie de Science, Paris, extract reported in "The Cosmos"	1858
Manuel d'Electrothérapie, p. 84, 1st ed. Tripiet	1861
Medical Electricity. Tibbitts, p. 20	1873
Traité Élémentaire de Physique Médicale. Wundt, p. 571	1871
Pathology and Therapeutics. By Mr. Wunderlich, vol. I., p. 113	1871
Effects of the Electric Bath, Gazette des Hôpitaux, Paris	1872
Popular Natural Philosophy. Ganot, p. 831, 7th ed.	1872
Phénomène de la Nature. L'Electricité Appliquée à la Thérapeutique Chirurgicale.	1870
L'Electro-Thérapie dans les Maladies Génitales et Urinaires. Par le Dr. Deloume	1872
Practice of Medical Electricity. Powell, p. 20	1872
L'Electricité Appliquée au Traitement des Maladies. Par Dr. Desparquets	1862
Medical Surgical Electricity. Drs. Beard and Rockwell, p. 137, 1st ed.	1871
Guide Pratique du Doreur. Roseleur, p. 88, 2nd ed.	1866
Medical Use of Electricity. Garratt, p. 117, 2nd ed.	1861
Althaus, p. 302 and 303, 2nd ed.	1870
De l'Electricité de l'Action des Eaux Minérales. Souleten	1864
Compendium, p. 231 and 232, 3rd ed.	1868
Lancet, vol. II., xvii., 1851, and No. I., vol. II.	1856
Electricity, Magnetism, and Acoustics. Lardner and Foster, p. 304	1868
Exposé des Applications de l'Electricité, 2nd ed., vol. I., pp. 115 to 119	1868
Traité Élémentaire de Physique, 3rd ed. P. A. Daguin, pp. 408 and 409	1857
Dictionnaire de Médecine de Chirurgie, &c., 2nd ed., p. 743 Littre et Robin	1868
L'Electricité. J. Baillie, pp. 201 and 202	1868

SELECTED EXTRACTS FROM THE OPINIONS OF MEDICAL AND SCIENTIFIC AUTHORITIES.

The Original of the following TESTIMONIAL in support of PULVERMACHER'S APPLIANCES, signed collectively by the élite of the Medical Profession in the metropolis—such as Sir C. Locock, M.D., Bart.; Sir J. R. Martin, Bart., C.B., F.R.C.S., F.S.A., and F.R.S., &c.—may be inspected at PULVERMACHER'S GALVANIC ESTABLISHMENT, 194, Regent-street, London, W.

"We, the undersigned, have much pleasure in testifying that J. L. Pulvermacher's recent improvements in his Voltaic Batteries and Galvanic Appliances for Medical Purposes are of great importance to Scientific Medicine, and that he is entitled to the consideration and support of every one disposed to further the advancement of real and useful progress."

DR. C. HANDFIELD JONES, F.R.C.P. and F.R.S., Physician to St. Mary's Hospital, under date March 10, 1866, in a Testimonial, states:—

"I am satisfied that he is an honest, earnest labourer in the field of science, and I think that he deserves to meet with every encouragement from the profession and from scientific men."

ACADEMIE DE MEDECINE, PARIS.

Extract of an official Report at a meeting, April 1, 1851:—

"The Voltaic Chains of Mr. Pulvermacher are really a most wonderful apparatus. They are more portable and cheaper—two indispensable conditions in an apparatus of this description, in order to make the application of electricity more general, and to a certain degree popular, which is certainly very desirable in the interest of patients, as well as that of the profession. The Committee beg to propose to the Academy to address their thanks to Mr. Pulvermacher for his most interesting communication. Adopted."—Bulletin de l'Académie, t. xvi. No. 13.

"THE LANCET" (No. 1, Vol. II., 1856):—

"This ingenious apparatus of Mr. Pulvermacher has now stood the test for some years. . . . It may be used by the medical attendant, or by the patient himself . . . and the operator can now diffuse the galvanic influences over an extensive surface or concentrate it on a single point. In these days of medico-galvanic quackery it is a relief to observe the very plain and straightforward manner in which Mr. Pulvermacher's apparatus is recommended to the profession."

MR. J. L. PULVERMACHER, GALVANIC ESTABLISHMENT, 194, REGENT-STREET, LONDON, W.

PAMPHLET,]

[POST-FREE.

GALVANISM v. GENERAL DEBILITY.

4, Sand-hill, Newcastle, Sept. 12, 1872.
Sir,—I write to let you know that I have received great benefit from your Bands.—Yours truly,
J. L. Pulvermacher, Esq.

GALVANISM v. LOCAL DEBILITY.

3, Royal Canal-terrace, Dublin, July 11, 1873.
Dear Sir,—I am happy to inform you that I have derived much benefit from your Medico-Galvanic appliances.—I am, yours gratefully,
Mr. J. L. Pulvermacher.

GALVANISM v. LUMBAGO.

William-street, Greenock, May 29, 1873.
Dear Sir,—I beg to acknowledge receipt of the Band, for which I am obliged. It has already eased the pain in my back.—Yours very truly,
J. L. Pulvermacher, Esq.

GALVANISM v. GENERAL DEBILITY.

Kelvindale, by Glasgow, May 15, 1873.
Dear Sir,—I received a complete set of Chain Bands and Belt for the restoration of an enfeebled system, and, thank God, they have done me a vast amount of good.
Mr. J. L. Pulvermacher.

GALVANISM v. NERVOUSNESS.

Malden, Essex, May 29, 1873.
Dear Sir,—The Bands and Battery I purchased of you some time since have removed the symptoms, and altogether I am greatly improved.—Yours truly,
Mr. J. L. Pulvermacher.

GALVANISM v. RHEUMATISM.

Pontypridd, May 25, 1873.
Dear Sir,—I am happy to state that I have found benefit from the Galvanic Belt I purchased of you for a pain in my shoulder. Am now quite free from it.—Yours obediently,
J. L. Pulvermacher, Esq.

GALVANISM v. NEURALGIA.

276, Fulham-road, Brompton, July 23, 1873.
Sir,—I purchased a Band of you about three months since for neuralgia. It has done me a great deal of good.—Respectfully yours,
Mr. J. L. Pulvermacher.

GALVANISM v. DEBILITY.

Lambden, Greenlaw, Berwickshire, Oct. 4, 1873.
Dear Sir,—I am glad to inform you that the Galvanic Appliances I had from you in March last have acted so beneficially that I may say I am now quite well.—Yours truly,
Mr. Pulvermacher.

GALVANISM v. PARALYSIS.

Great Stangton, Oct. 4, 1873.
Dear Sir,—I am thankful to be able to inform you that Mrs. Russell's health is still improving. She can walk about the room by herself, and is gaining strength also.—Yours truly,
Mr. Pulvermacher.

GALVANISM v. DEBILITY.

Warristow Currie, near Edinburgh, October, 1873.
Dear Sir,—I write to say that I have been using your Appliances for over two months, and have found great relief. The pains I used to feel about my stomach have nearly or all left me.—Yours truly,
Mr. Pulvermacher.

GALVANISM v. RHEUMATISM.

Low Walker-on-Tyne, April 6, 1873.
Dear Sir,—I have received the two Chain-Bands, and I am glad to have got them. They have done me a great amount of good; I must say they have done me more good than all the medicines I have taken.—I remain, yours truly,
Mr. Pulvermacher.

GALVANISM v. RHEUMATISM.

Little Gaddesden, Great Berkhamstead, August, 1873.
Sir,—I have used one of your Bands for rheumatic knees the last three months, and have derived benefit decidedly. I remain, yours faithfully,
J. L. Pulvermacher, Esq.

GALVANISM v. LUMBAGO, &c.

(Extract.) Reading, April 2, 1873.
Dear Sir,—I write to inform you that I am progressing favourably. The pain in the loins is entirely gone away. I am, dear Sir, yours truly,
Mr. Pulvermacher.

GALVANISM v. CONSTIPATION, &c.

(Extract.) 14, Blackheath-terrace, S.E., Jan. 27, 1873.
Dear Sir,—I think you will be glad to hear that since the patient has had the Belt his bowels have entirely healed, and all need of aperient medicine has been avoided.—Yours faithfully,
J. L. Pulvermacher, Esq.

GALVANISM v. DEBILITY.

Stoke Lacy Mills, near Bromyard, Oct. 1, 1873.
Dear Sir,—I have derived great benefit from your Bands, and shall feel it my duty to give any information respecting my case at any time, for the benefit of the suffering, and regret your Galvanic-Bands are not more widely known.—Yours faithfully,
Mr. J. L. Pulvermacher.

GALVANISM v. GENERAL DEBILITY.

(Extract.) 1, Mason's-row, Greenhithe, Kent, May, 1873.
Dear Sir,—I have much pleasure in informing you that I have received great benefit from the appliances I had of you some time ago for general debility.—Believe me to be, dear Sir, yours obediently,
Mr. J. L. Pulvermacher.

GALVANISM v. NEURALGIA.

Elsham-road, Kensington, April, 1873.
Gentlemen,—I have experienced wonderful relief from nervous headaches and neuralgia from a Band. The one I used was a narrow one, medium power. I have the greatest confidence in the wonderful qualities of your Band in improving circulation.—I am, Gentlemen, yours faithfully,
Messrs. Pulvermacher and Co.

GALVANISM v. CONSTIPATION and INACTIVE LIVER.

32, Garibaldi-street, Grimsby, July 11, 1873.
Dear Sir,—I received the Band you sent me on the 4th inst., quite safe. I applied it immediately. It relieved my back and side of pain the first night; my bowels are very different since I applied the Band.—Yours respectfully,
J. L. Pulvermacher, Esq.

GALVANISM v. WEAKNESS IN FOOT.

Westgate-street, Gloucester, May, 1873.
Sir,—I found great benefit from one of your Bands, having been suffering from a weakness in my foot. I put it on, and the strength was restored in a few hours. I lent it in a case of faceache, and it gave relief in about half an hour.—Yours truly,
J. L. Pulvermacher, Esq.

GALVANISM v. SCIATICA and INDIGESTION.

Hill View, Queenstown, County Cork, March 8, 1873.
Dear Sir,—I am glad to be able to say that your Chain-Band has done me much good in keeping off sciatica, which has troubled me for a long time. My digestion has also much benefited by wearing the Band occasionally with poles over the stomach.—Yours truly,
J. L. Pulvermacher, Esq.

GALVANISM v. GENERAL DEBILITY.

Richmond-terrace, Durham-street, Hull, May, 1873.
Sir,—My husband has worn the Combined Chain-Bands for about six weeks, night and day, and I am thankful to say he has found benefit from them. I had the tic in my head and face, and I had the Bands on for a few hours, and have had no return of it. We have recommended them to several friends.—Yours very respectfully,
J. L. Pulvermacher, Esq.

GALVANISM v. EXTREME DEBILITY.

Neithcott, Banbury, Aug. 4, 1873.
Dear Sir,—My wife found great benefit in one week, and continues to mend, and can work, walk, and sleep better (since wearing your Chain-Bands) than she has done for years past. We sincerely thank you for your aid, and can with confidence recommend your appliances to all sufferers.—Yours respectfully,
Mr. Pulvermacher.

GALVANISM v. CRAMPS.

Houldsworth-street, Glasgow, May 15, 1873.
Dear Sir,—The Galvanic Belt has been worn regularly and with good results; the principal benefit being complete freedom from cramps, to which I was subject during the winter and spring months. Many thanks for the good you have been the means of doing me.—I remain, yours respectfully,
J. L. Pulvermacher, Esq.

GALVANISM v. INDIGESTION and NERVOUS DEBILITY.

Ogborne, Nov. 3, 1873.
Dear Sir,—It is now two months since I commenced using your Appliances. I am thankful to say that I have derived benefit from them. I can sleep and work better, and feel stronger. Walking does not fatigue me as it used. My digestion is improved, and bowels almost regular.—Yours respectfully,
Mr. Pulvermacher.

GALVANISM v. SPINAL WEAKNESS.

East Grinstead, June 10, 1873.
Sir,—Having derived great benefit from the use of the Galvanic Belt you sent me for weakness of the spine, I shall take every opportunity of recommending it to my fellow-sufferers, and should feel obliged by your sending me a pamphlet or two to lend to persons who may wish for any information concerning your valuable invention.—I remain, Sir, faithfully yours,
Mr. Pulvermacher.

GALVANISM v. RHEUMATIC PAINS.

Salford Barracks, Manchester, May 21, 1873.
Sir,—I feel it my duty to send you these few lines, to thank you kindly for the great relief I have received in using one of your Galvanic Chain-Bands. I formerly suffered for upwards of five years with rheumatic pains from head to foot previous to using your valuable remedy. I can hardly say at last that I have received much benefit, although I tried in poor hopes for the first fortnight.—Yours respectfully,
J. L. Pulvermacher, Esq.

GALVANISM v. DELIRIUM TREMENS.

3, Sydenham Villas, Spring-bank, Hull, Aug. 27, 1873.
Dear Sir,—An acquaintance of mine had frequently delirium tremens. During one attack he got me to apply my bands. Finding that they were doing good, we purchased here three bands combined, and three quarters of an hour after being applied he slept, and when he awoke (seven hours after) was completely cured. He joined some Temperance society shortly after, and now since (four months) he has been a total abstainer.—Yours obediently,
Mr. Pulvermacher.

GALVANISM v. SPINAL AFFECTION.

Wilson-street, Liverpool, May 17, 1873.
Dear Sir,—I am in receipt of your communication. The combined Bands which I obtained for my wife early in January last have effected a remarkable improvement. The symptoms were those of disease of the heart, nervous weakness, and spinal affection, the latter causing frequent and severe pains in the back. These have been greatly alleviated; in fact, her health is better than it has been for several years.—Yours truly,
J. L. Pulvermacher, Esq.

GALVANISM v. RHEUMATISM.

1, Gravel-walk, Grey Tower, Rochester, Aug. 27, 1873.
Sir,—In May last I purchased an Electric Belt for rheumatism, and I am extremely thankful to say that it cured me. I had it very bad for four months last winter, and since I applied the Belt according to directions have never had it return. Hoping many sufferers may receive the same aid from so valuable an invention, I remain, dear Sir, yours truly,
Mr. J. L. Pulvermacher.

GALVANISM v. FUNCTIONAL DISORDER.

Withdeane, near Brighton, Jan. 8, 1873.
Miss J. M., aged 62, suffered for twelve years from obstinate constipation, and was continually obliged to take very powerful medicines. She wore one of your Galvanic Chain-Bands for three weeks, and found immediate and lasting relief. She left the Band off for five months and then wore it again for two days, and is now free from all uneasiness, and medicines rendered unnecessary. References permitted to Lady Ogley, Brighton.

GALVANISM v. RHEUMATIC GOUT.

8, Brook Cottages, Ulverston, Nov. 19, 1872.
Sir,—In gratitude I now write to inform you how your Voltaic Electric Band, which I procured from you less than a month ago, has benefited me. It was for Rheumatic Gout I was advised to apply to you, which I did, describing how I was afflicted. You advised one of your Voltaic Electric Bands. I procured one from you, which I am thankful to say, in three days took it completely away. Sir, I think then a most wonderful remedy. My general health, I am thankful to say, is so much better. I have not felt so well for years as I do now.—I am, yours gratefully,
Mr. J. L. Pulvermacher.

GALVANISM v. DEBILITY.

Dunbar, N.B., Sept. 3, 1873.
Dear Sir,—It is with much pleasure that I am able to write and give the following account of the successful manner your Galvanic Chains have acted upon me. I purchased a Belt, also combined Bands, in the beginning of July last. I have worn them faithfully (according to your directions) ever since, and received great benefit from them. I consider they are doing their work admirably. I consider my case to be one of a very stubborn nature, all in this short time they have made a wonderful change in me. I am quite willing that it should be made public, with the exception of my name.—I shall ever remain your well-wisher,
Mr. J. L. Pulvermacher.

GALVANISM v. EPILEPSY.

Langford, near Bristol, July 2, 1873.
Dear Sir,—I beg now to state the good effect the Chains had on a young woman for whom I procured them. She put them on at once, and never felt the least symptoms of a fit till a month after; then she expected she might feel a little fit, and she did for about three minutes, and then it passed away. She went on another month, and never felt the least of the fits. She is as well as ever she was in her life, with nerves wonderfully strengthened and b-d-y restored. We think it, Sir, a wonderful cure, after having the fits four years, sometimes twice a week. Her name was Harriet Collins. Now it is Mrs. Smith. I am also pleased to tell you that my neighbour, Mrs. Plumley, has never felt the neuralgia since wearing your Bands.—I am, dear Sir, yours respectfully,
Mr. J. L. Pulvermacher.

GALVANISM v. SPINAL IRRITATION.

Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Nov. 1, 1873.
Dear Sir,—Twelve months ago I got from you a Combined Chain-Band for my wife, who had been suffering for nearly a year from irritation of the spine, the symptoms being aching pains in the back, constant pain in the chest, and lassitude. She had then been under medical treatment for about six months, and had received some small benefit, but her progress was hardly discernible. Directly after she began to wear the Band she felt better, and in two months the symptoms were seldom present and her strength greatly increased. During the last six months she has only felt the pains in her chest and back a very few times, and only when she had got a very severe cold. She is quite strong and hearty, and we attribute this speedy recovery to your Band, at the same time advising everybody to get a Band before their disease gets so far gone, as it would thus save pain, suffering, and expense.—I am, yours truly,
Mr. J. L. Pulvermacher.

GALVANISM v. RHEUMATISM and LIVER COMPLAINT.

Wellmers, Kew, near Melbourne, Sept. 8, 1873.
Dear Sir,—Permit me to congratulate you on the great success which your admirable invention the "Electric Chain" has accomplished in the world. I have long lived to enjoy the reward which your energy and perseverance so justly merit! In 1855 I was suffering from rheumatism and fever and the adhesion of my liver to my right side. My painful complaint was pronounced incurable by two of the best physicians and surgeons in Sydney. After suffering nine months I accidentally read a notice of the wonderful cures you had effected. I immediately wrote to my brother in England to purchase for me one of your strongest chains; he accordingly did so, and sent it to me. I applied the chain to my right side, and the result was a perfect cure. The fever had brought me down from 12 stone to 4½ stone, but the chain soon re-established my health.—Yours very truly,
Mr. J. L. Pulvermacher.

GALVANISM v. NERVOUS DEBILITY and WEAKNESS.

21, Norfolk-street, Glasgow, Nov. 9, 1872.
Sir,—Two years ago I bought of you 50s. Combined Bands for a friend who had been ill for eighteen months of low fever and general debility. She had been all the time under medical treatment, but received no benefit. She gradually sank month after month, until the case was regarded as almost hopeless. It was then that I purchased the Combined Bands. One of the three proved exceedingly strong for her case, and she wore it constantly. In about a month she was much better. Before long she was able to take her share of domestic duties, and in six months her health was well established. She has since enjoyed a good state of health. Six weeks ago I lent a Belt to a young person who had been for a long time suffering from rheumatism and general debility—wearing away, as her neighbours called it. The effect of the Belt was marvellous. In a fortnight she was much better; in a month she was able to resume her usual work. We have for the last two years used your Belts as our family medicine. In any case of indisposition, from whatever cause it may arise, recourse is always had to the "Belts," and seldom, indeed, without complete success. As a restorer and preserver of health your Belts are invaluable.—Yours respectfully,
Mr. J. L. Pulvermacher.

GALVANISM v. RHEUMATISM, PARALYSIS, &c.

40, Minna-street, San Francisco, Cal., U.S.A., July 8, 1873.
Dear Sir,—Some six or seven years ago I wrote to you from Dublin, Ireland, where I was then staying, for a set of your Galvanic Chain-Bands, which I duly received. I can now safely say that were it not for those Bands I should have been long since numbered with the past, or, perhaps worse, an inmate of some lunatic asylum. I got the Bands specially for a nervous attack from which I was then suffering, and for which I consulted the most eminent medical men both in England and Ireland, without experiencing any relief. I had not tried your Bands more than half a dozen times before I at once experienced a change for the better. I steadily continued their use, and after each application found myself getting better, and I have since used them for rheumatism with a wonderful effect; indeed, I have been at times so bad with that disease that I could not lift my arm to save my life until I had applied one of your Bands. I have several times lent my Bands to parties here suffering from rheumatism and paralysis, and this is the greatest country in the world, I believe, for both these diseases; and, from the relief experienced by parties here whom I have lent the Bands to, it would be at least a charity for you to human nature to send out some of your Bands here. I would also wish to add that I believe your Bands capable of eradicating the effects of mercury from the system, as one party who had the Bands told me that he suffered for years from rheumatism, and the only relief he ever experienced was from your Bands, and which ultimately cured him.—Yours respectfully,
Mr. Pulvermacher.

N.B. MR. PULVERMACHER will be happy, in all cases where at the foot of the testimonial only initials and partial addresses appear, in accordance with the wish of patients, to furnish such information as will show the genuineness of these testimonials in contradistinction to the fictitious ones so largely circulated by advertising adventurers.

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"THE LOVER'S LEAP."—DRAWN BY MARCUS STONE.

FRIDA; OR, THE LOVER'S LEAP.

(Continued from page 559.)

"Perhaps you will find," he said at last, with grief as well as courtesy, "many who speak one language striving to silence one another."

"He fights best who fights the longest. You will come with us, my Lord?"

"Not a foot, not half an inch," the Baron answered, sturdily. "I've a-laboured hard to see my best, and 'a can't see head nor tail to it."

Thus he spoke in imitation of what his leading tenant said, smiling brightly at himself, but sadly at his subject.

"Even so!" the young man answered; "I will forth and pay my duty. The rusty weathercock, my Lord, is often too late for the oiling."

With this conceit he left De Wichehalse, and, while his grooms were making ready, sauntered down the zig-zag path, which, through rocks and stubborn oaks, made toward the rugged headland known, far up and down the Channel, by the name of "Duty Point." Near the end of this walk there lurked a soft and silent bower, made by Nature, and with all of Nature's art secluded. The ledge that wound along the rock-front widened, and the rock fell back and left a little cove, retiring into moss and ferny shade. Here the maid was well accustomed every day to sit and think, gazing down at the calm, grey sea, and filled with rich content and deep capacity of dreaming.

Here she was, at the present moment, resting in her pure love-dream, believing all the world as good, and true, and kind as her own young self. Round her all was calm and lovely; and the soft brown hand of autumn, with the sun's approval, tempered every mellow mood of leaves.

Aubyn Auberley was not of a sentimental cast of mind. He liked the poets of the day, whenever he deigned to read them; nor was he at all above accepting the dedication of a book. But it was not the fashion now—as had been in the noble time of Watson, Raleigh, and Shakspeare—for men to look around and love the greater things they grow among.

Frida was surprised to see her dainty lord so early. She came here in the morning always, when it did not rain too hard, to let her mind have pasture on the landscape of sweet memory. And even sweeter hope was always fluttering in the distance, on the sea, or clouds, or flitting vapour of the morning. Even so she now was looking at the mounting glory of the sun above the sea-clouds, the sun that lay along the land, and made the distance roll away.

"Hard and bitter is my task," the gallant Lord began with her, "to say farewell to all I love. But so it ever must be."

Frida looked at his riding-dress, and cold fear seized her suddenly, and then warm hope that he might only be riding after the bustards.

"My Lord," she said, "will you never grant me that one little prayer of mine—to spare poor birds, and make those cruel gaze-hounds run down one another?"

"I shall never see the gaze-hounds more," he answered, petulantly; "my time for sport is over. I must set forth for the war to-day."

"To-day!" she cried; and then tried to say a little more for pride's sake; "to go to the war to-day, my Lord!"

"Alas! it is too true. Either I must go, or be a traitor and a dastard."

Her soft blue eyes lay full on his, and tears that had not time to flow began to spread a hazy veil between her and the one she loved.

He saw it, and he saw the rise and sinking of her wounded heart, and how the words she tried to utter fell away and died within her for the want of courage; and, light, and hard, and mainly selfish as his nature was, the strength, and depth, and truth of love came nigh to scare him for the moment even of his vanities.

"Frida!" he said, with her hand in his, and bending one knee on the moss; "only tell me that I must stay; then stay I will; the rest of the world may scorn if you approve me."

This, of course, sounded very well and pleased her, as it was meant to do; still, it did not satisfy her—so exacting are young maidens, and so keen is the ear of love.

"Aubyn, you are good and true. How very good and true you are! But even by your dear voice now I know what you are thinking."

Lord Auberley by this time was as well within himself again, as he generally found himself; so that he began to balance chances very knowingly. If the King should win the warfare and be paramount again, this bright star of the Court must rise to something infinitely higher than a Devonshire squire's child. A fine young widow of a Duke, of the Royal blood of France itself, was not far from being quite determined to accept him, if she only could be certain how these things would end themselves. Many other ladies were determined quite as bravely to wait the course of events, and let him have them, if convenient. On the other hand, if the kingdom should succeed in keeping the King in order—which was the utmost then intended—Aubyn Auberley might be only too glad to fall back upon Frida.

Thinking it wiser, upon the whole, to make sure of this little lamb, with nobler game in prospect, Lord Auberley heaved as deep a sigh as the size of his chest could compass. After which he spoke as follows, in a most delicious tone,

"Sweetest, and my only hope, the one star of my wanderings; although you send me forth to battle, where my arm is needed, give me one dear pledge that ever you will live and die my own."

This was just what Frida wanted, having trust (as our free-traders, by vast amplitude of vision, have in reciprocity) that if a man gets the best of a woman he is sure to give it back. Therefore these two sealed, and delivered certain treaties (all unwritten, but for ever engraven upon the best and tenderest feelings of the lofty human nature) that nothing less than death, or even greater, should divide them.

Is there one, among the many who survive such process, unable to imagine or remember how they parted? The fierce and even desperate anguish, nursed and made the most of; the pride and self-control that keep such things for comfort afterwards; the failing of the heart that feels itself the true thing after all. Let it be so, since it must be; and no sympathy can heal it, since in every case it never, never, was so bad before.

CHAPTER V.

Lovers come, and lovers go; ecstasies of joy and anguish have their proper intervals; and good young folk, who know no better, revel in high misery. But the sun ascends the heavens at the same hour of the day, by himself dictated; and if we see him not, it is our earth that spreads the curtain. Nevertheless, these lovers, being out of rule with everything, heap their own faults on his head, and want him to be setting always, that they may behold the moon.

Therefore it was useless for the wisest man in the north of Devon, or even the wisest woman, to reason with young Frida now, or even to let her have the reason upon her side, and be sure of it. She, for her part, was astray from all the bounds of reason, soaring on the wings of faith, and hope, and high

delusion. Though the winter-time was coming, and the wind was damp and raw, and the beauty of the valleys lay down to recover itself; yet with her the spring was breaking, and the world was lifting with the glory underneath it. Because it had been firmly pledged—and who could ever doubt it?—that the best and noblest lover in this world of noble love would come and grandly claim and win his bride on her next birthday.

At Christmas she had further pledge of her noble lover's constancy. In spite of difficulties, dangers, and the pressing need of men, he contrived to send her by some very valiant messengers (none of whom would ride alone) a beautiful portrait of himself, set round with sparkling diamonds; also a necklace of large pearls, as white and pure as the neck whose grace was to enhance their beauty.

Hereupon such pride and pleasure mounted into her cheeks and eyes, and flushed her with young gaiety, that all who loved her, being grafted with good superstition, nearly spoiled their Christmas-time by serious sagacity. She, however, in the wealth of all she had to think of, heeded none who trod the line of prudence and cold certainty.

"It is more than I can tell," she used to say, most prettily, to anybody who made bold to ask her about anything; "all things go so in and out that I am sure of nothing else except that I am happy."

The Baron now began to take a narrow, perhaps a natural, view of all the things around him. In all the world there was for him no sign or semblance of any being whose desires or strictest rights could be thought of more than once when set against his daughter's. This, of course, was very bad for Frida's own improvement. It could not make her selfish yet, but it really made her wayward. The very best girls ever seen are sure to have their failings; and Frida, though one of the very best, was not above all nature. People made too much of this, when she could no more defend herself.

Whoever may have been to blame, one thing at least is certain—the father, though he could not follow all his child's precipitance, yet was well contented now to stoop his grey head to bright lips, and do his best towards believing some of their soft eloquence. The child, on the other hand, was full of pride, and rose on tip-toe, lest anybody might suppose her still too young for anything. Thus between them they looked forward to a pleasant time to come, hoping for the best, and judging every-one with charity.

The thing that vexed them most (for always there must, of course, be something) was the behaviour of Albert, nephew to the Baron, and most loving cousin to Frida. Nothing they could do might bring him to spend his Christmas with them; and this would be the first time ever since his long-clothed baby-hood that he had failed to be amongst them, and to lead or follow, just as might be required of him. Such a guest has no small value in a lonely neighbourhood, and years of usage mark the circle of the year without him.

Christmas passed, and New-Year's Day, and so did many other days. The Baron saw to his proper work, and took his turn of hunting, and entertained his neighbours, and pleased almost everybody. Much against his will, he had consented to the marriage of his daughter with Lord Auberley—to make the best of a bad job, as he told Sir Maunder Meddleby. Still, this kind and crafty father had his own ideas; for the moment he was swimming with the tide to please his daughter, even as for her dear sake he was ready to sink beneath it. Yet, these fathers have a right to form their own opinions; and for the most part they believe that they have more experience. Frida laughed at this, of course, and her father was glad to see her laugh. Nevertheless, he could not escape some respect for his own opinion, having so rarely found it wrong; and his own opinion was that something was very likely to happen.

In this he proved to be quite right. For many things began to happen, some on the right and some on the left hand of the Baron's auguries. All of them, however, might be reconciled exactly with the very thing he had predicted. He noticed this, and it pleased him well, and inspired him so that he started anew for even truer prophecies. And everybody round the place was born so to respect him, that if he missed the mark a little they could hit it for him.

Things stood thus at the old Ley Manor—and folk were content to have them so, for fear of getting worse, perhaps—towards the end of January, A.D. 1643. De Wichehalse had vowed that his only child—although so clever for her age, and prompt of mind and body—should not enter into marriage until she was in her eighteenth year. Otherwise, it would, no doubt, have all been settled long ago; for Aubyn Auberley sometimes had been in the greatest hurry. However, hither he must come now, as everybody argued, even though the fate of England hung on his stirrup-leather. Because he had even sent again, with his very best intentions, fashionable things for Frida, and the hottest messages; so that, if they did not mean him to be quite beside himself, everything must be smoking for his wedding at the Candlemas.

But when everything, and even everybody also—save Albert and the Baron, and a few other obstinate people—was and were quite ready and rejoicing for a grand affair, to be celebrated with well-springs of wine and delightfully cordial Watersmeet, rocks of beef hewn into valleys, and conglomerate cliffs of pudding; when ruddy dame and rosy damsel were absorbed in "what to wear," and even steady farmers were in "practice for the back step;" in a word, when all the country was gone wild about Frida's wedding—one night there happened to come a man.

This man tied his horse to a gate and sneaked into the back yard, and listened in a quiet corner, knowing, as he did, the ins and outs and ways of the kitchen. Because he was that very same man who understood the women so, and made himself at home by long experience in new places. It had befallen this man, as it always befell any man of perception, to be smitten with the kindly loveliness of Frida. Therefore, now, although he was as hungry as ever he had been, his heart was such that he heard the sound of dishes, yet drew no nearer. Experience of human nature does not always spoil it.

CHAPTER VI.

When the Baron at last received the letter which this rider had been so abashed to deliver, slow but lasting wrath began to gather in his grey-lashed eyes. It was the inborn anger of an honest man at villainy, mixed with lofty scorn and traversed by a dear anxiety. Withal he found himself so helpless that he scarce knew what to do. He had been to Frida both a father and a mother, as she often used to tell him when she wanted something; but now he felt that no man could administer the velvet touches of the female sympathy.

Moreover, although he was so kind, and had tried to think what his daughter thought, he found himself in a most ungenial mood for sweet condolence. Any but the best of fathers would have been delighted with the proof of all his prophecies and the riddance of a rogue. So that even he, though dwelling in his child's heart as his own, read this letter (when the first emotions had exploded) with a real hope that things, in the long run, would come round again.

"To my most esteemed and honoured friend the Lord de Wichehalse, these from his most observant and most grateful Aubyn Auberley,—Under command of his Majesty our most

Royal Lord and King, I have this day been joined in bands of holy marriage with her Highness the Duchess of B—, in France. At one time I had hope of favour with your good Lordship's daughter, neither could I have desired more complete promotion. But the service of the kingdom and the doubt of my own desert have forced me, in these troublous times, to forego mine own ambition. Our lord the King enjoins you with his Royal commendation to bring your forces towards Bristowe by the day of St. Valentine. There shall I be in hope to meet your Lordship, and again find pleasure in such goodly company. Until then I am your Lordship's poor and humble servant, AUBYN AUBERLEY."

Lord de Wichehalse made his mind up not to let his daughter know until the following morning what a heavy blow had fallen on her faith and fealty. But, as evil chance would have it, damsels of the house—and most of all the gentle cook-maid—could not but observe the rider's state of mind towards them. He managed to eat his supper in a dark state of parenthesis; but after that they plied him with some sentimental mixtures, and, being only a man at best, although a very trusty one, he could not help the rise of manly wrath at every tumbler. So, in spite of dry experience and careworn discretion, at last he let the women know the whole of what himself knew. Nine good females crowded round him, and, of course, in their kind bosoms every word of all his story germinated ninety-fold.

Hence it came to pass that, after floods of tears in council and stronger language than had right to come from under aprons, Frida's nurse (the old herb-woman, now called "Mother Eyebright") was appointed to let her know that very night the whole of it. Because my Lord might go on mooning for a month about it, betwixt his love of his daughter and his quiet way of taking things; and all that while the dresses might be cut, and trimmed, and fitted to a size and fashion all gone by before there came a wedding.

Mother Eyebright so was called both from the brightness of her eyes and her faith in that little simple flower the Euphrasia. Though her own love-tide was over, and the romance of life had long relapsed into the old allegiance to the hour of dinner, yet her heart was not grown tough to the troubles of the young ones; therefore all that she could do was done, but it was little.

Frida, being almost tired with the blissful cares of dress, happened to go up that evening earlier than her wont to bed. She sat by herself in the firelight, with many gorgeous things around her—wedding presents from great people, and (what touched her more) the humble offerings of her cottage friends. As she looked on these and thought of all the goodwill they expressed, and how a little kindness gathers such a heap of gratitude, glad tears shone in her bright eyes, and she only wished that all the world could be as blessed as she was.

To her entered Mother Eyebright, now unworthy of her name; and sobbing, writhing, crushing anguish is a thing which even Frida, simple and open-hearted one, would rather keep to her own poor self.

CHAPTER VII.

Upon the following day she was not half so wretched and lamentable as was expected of her. She even showed a brisk and pleasant air to the chief scampstress, and bade her keep some pretty things for the time of her own wedding. Even to her father she behaved as if there had been nothing more than happens every day. The worthy Baron went to fold her in his arms, and let her cry there; but she only gave him a kiss, and asked the maid for some salt butter. Lord de Wichehalse, being disappointed of his outlet, thought (as all his life he had been forced to think continually) that any sort of woman, whether young or old, is wonderful. And so she carried on, and no one well could understand her.

She, however, in her own heart, knew the ups and downs of it. She alone could feel the want of any faith remaining, the ache of ever stretching forth and laying hold on nothing. Her mind had never been encouraged—as with maidens nowadays—to magnify itself, and soar, and scorn the heart that victuals it. All the deeper was her trouble, being less to be explained.

For a day or two the story is that she contrived to keep her distance, and her own opinion of what had been done to her. Child and almost baby as her father had considered her, even he was awed from asking what she meant to do about it. Something seemed to keep her back from speaking of her trouble, or bearing to have it spoken of. Only to her faithful hound, with whom she now began again to wander in the oak-wood, to him alone had she the comfort of declaring anything. This was a dog of fine old English breed and high connections, his great-grandmother having owned a kennel at Whitehall itself—a very large and well-conducted dog, and now an old one, going down into his grave without a stain upon him. Only he had shown such foul contempt of Aubyn Auberley, proceeding to extremes of ill-behaviour towards his raiment, that for months young Frida had been forced to keep him chained, and take her favourite walks without him.

"Ah! Lear," now she cried, with sense of long injustice towards him; "you were right, and I was wrong; at least—at least it seems so."

"Lear," so called whether by some man who had heard of Shakspeare, or (as seems more likely) from his peculiar way of contemplating the world at his own angle, shook his ears when thus addressed, and looked too wise for any dog to even sniff his wisdom.

Frida now allowed this dog to lead the way, and she would follow, careless of whatever mischief might be in the road for them. So he led her, without care, or even thought, on her part, to a hut upon the beach of Woody Bay; where Albert had set up his staff, to think of her, and watch her. This, her cousin and true lover, had been grieving for her sorrow to the utmost power of a man who wanted her himself. It may have been beyond his power to help saying to himself sometimes, "How this serves her right, for making such a laughing-stock of me!" Nevertheless, he did his utmost to be truly sorrowful.

And now, as he came forth to meet her, in his fishing-dress and boots (as different a figure as could be from Aubyn Auberley), memories of childish troubles and of strong protection thrilled her with a helpless hope of something to be done for her. So she looked at him, and let him see the state her eyes were in with constant crying, when there was not anyone to notice it. Also, she allowed him to be certain what her hands were like, and to be surprised how much she had fallen away in her figure. Neither was she quite as proud as might have been expected, to keep her voice from trembling or her plundered heart from sobbing. Only, let not anybody say a word to comfort her. Anything but that she now could bear, as she bore everything. It was, of course, the proper thing for everyone to scorn her. That, of course, she had fully earned, and met it, therefore, with disdain. Only, she could almost hate anybody who tried to comfort her.

Albert de Wichehalse, with a sudden start of intuition, saw what her father had been unable to descry or even dream. The worthy baron's time of life for fervid thoughts was over; for him despairing love was but a poet's fiction, or a joke against a pale young lady. But Albert felt, from his own case, from burning

jealousy suppressed, and cold neglect put up with, and all the other many-pointed aches of vain devotion, how sad must be the state of things when plighted faith was shattered also, and great ridicule left behind, with only a young girl to face it, motherless, and having none to stroke dishevelled hair, and coax the troubles by the firelight. However, this good fellow did the utmost he could do for her. Love and pity led him into dainty loving-kindness; and when he could not find his way to say the right thing, he did better—he left her to say it. And so well did he move her courage, in his old protective way, without a word that could offend her or depreciate her love, that she for the moment, like a woman, wondered at her own despair. Also, like a woman, glancing into this and that, instead of any steadfast gazing, she had wholesome change of view, winning sudden insight into Albert's thoughts concerning her. Of course, she made up her mind at once, although her heart was aching so for want of any tenant, in a moment to extinguish any such presumption. Still, she would have liked to have it made a little clearer, if it were for nothing else than to be sure of something.

Albert saw her safely climb the steep and shaly walk that led, among retentive oak-trees, or around the naked gully, all the way from his lonely cottage to the light, and warmth, and comfort of the peopled Manor House. And within himself he thought, the more from contrast of his own cold comfort and untended state—

"Ah! she will forget it soon; she is so young. She will soon get over that gay frippard's fickleness. To-morrow I will start upon my little errand cheerfully. After that she will come round; they cannot feel as we do."

Full of these fond hopes, he started on the following morning with set purpose to compel the man whom he had once disliked, and now despised unspeakably, to render some account of despite done to such a family. For, after all, the dainty Viscount was the grandson of a goldsmith who by brokerage for the Crown had earned the balls of his coronet. In quest of this gay fellow went the stern and solid Albert, leaving not a word about his purpose there behind him, but allowing everybody to believe what all found out. All found out, as he expected, that he was gone to sell his hay, perhaps as far as Taunton; and all the parish, looking forward to great rise of forage, felt indignant that he had not doubled his price, and let them think.

Alack-a-day and all the year round! that men perceive not how the women differ from them in the very source of thought. Albert never dreamed that his cousin, after doing so long without him, had now relapsed quite suddenly into her childish dependence upon him. And when she heard, on the following day, that he was gone for the lofty purpose of selling his seven ricks of hay, she said not a word, but only felt her cold heart so much colder.

CHAPTER VIII.

She had nothing now to do, and nobody to speak to; though her father did his utmost, in his kind and clumsy way, to draw his darling close to him. But she knew that all along he had disliked her idol, and she fancied, now and then, that this dislike had something perhaps to do with what had befallen her. This, of course, was wrong on her part. But when youth and faith are wronged the hurt is very apt to fly to all the tender places. Even the weather also seemed to have taken a turn against her. No wholesome frost set in to brace the slackened joints and make her walk until she began to tingle; neither was there any snow, to spread a new cast on the rocks, and gift the trees with airiness; nor even what mild winters, for the most part, bring in counterpoise—soft obedient skies, and trembling pleasure of the air and earth. But—as over her own love—over all the country hung just enough of mist and chill to shut out cheerful prospect, and not enough to shut folk in to the hearth of their own comfort.

In her dull, forlorn condition, Frida still, through force of habit or the love of solitude, made her daily round of wood and rock, sea-shore and moorland. Things seemed to come across her now, instead of her going to them; and her spirit failed at every rise of the hilly road against her. In that dreary way she lingered, hoping nothing, fearing nothing, showing neither sigh nor tear, only seeking to go somewhere and be lost from self and sorrow in the cloudy and dark day.

Often thus the soft low moaning of the sea encompassed her, where she stood, in forgotten beauty, careless of the wind and wave. The short, uneasy heave of waters in among the kelpy rocks, flowing from no swell or furrow on the misty glass of sea, but like a pulse of discontent, and longing to go further; after the turn, the little rattle of invaded pebbles, the lithic relapse and soft shampooing lameness of our-weed, then the laved boulders pouring gritty runnels back again, and every basined outlet wavering towards another inlet—these, and every phase of each innumerable to-and-fro, made or met their impress in her fluctuating misery.

"It is the only rest," she said; "the only chance of being quiet, after all that I have done, and all that people say of me."

None had been dastard enough to say a syllable against her; neither had she, in the warmest faith of love, forgotten truth; but her own dejection drove her, not to revile the world (as sour natures do consistently), but to shrink from sight, and fancy that the world was reviling her.

While she fluttered thus and hovered over the cold verge of death, with her sore distempered spirit scarcely sure of anything, tidings came of another trouble, and turned the scale against her. Albert de Wichehalse, her trusty cousin and true lover, had fallen in a duel with that recreant and miscreant Lord Aubrey. The strictest orders were given that this should be kept for the present from Frida's ears; but what is the use of the strictest orders when a widowed mother raves? Albert's mother vowed that "the shameless jilt" should hear it out, and slipped her guards and waylaid Frida on the morn of Candlemas, and overbore her with such words as may be well imagined.

"Auntie," said the poor thing at last, shaking her beautiful curls, and laying one little hand to her empty heart; "don't be cross with me to-day. I am going home to be married, Auntie. It is the day my Aubyn always fixed, and he never fails me."

"Little fool!" her aunt exclaimed, as Frida kissed her hand and curtsied, and ran round the corner; "one comfort is to know that she is as mad as a mole, at any rate."

CHAPTER IX.

Frida, knowing—perhaps, more deeply than that violent woman thought—the mischief thus put into her, stole back to her bed-room, and, without a word to any one, tired her hair in the Grecian snood, which her lover used to admire so, and arrayed her soft and delicate form in all the bridal finery. Perhaps, that day, no bride in England—certainly none of her youth and beauty—treated her favourite looking-glass with such contempt and ingratitude. She did not care to examine herself, through some reluctant sense of havoc, and a bitter fear that some one might be disappointed in her. Then at the last, when all was ready, she snatched up her lover's portrait (which for days had been cast aside and cold), and, laying it on her bosom, took a snatch of a glance at her lovely self.

After some wonder she fetched a deep sigh—not from clearly thinking anything, but as an act of nature—and said, "Good-bye!" for ever, with a little smile of irony, to her looking-glass, and all the many pretty things that knew her.

It was her bad luck, as some people thought thereafter—or her good luck, as herself beheld it—to get down the stairs and out of the house without anyone being the wiser. For the Widow de Wichehalse, Albert's mother, had not been content with sealing the doom of this poor maiden, but in that highly-excited state, which was to be expected, hurried into the house, to beard the worthy Baron in his den. There she found him; and, although he said and did all sympathy, the strain of parental feelings could not yield without "hysterics."

All the servants, and especially Mother Eyebright (whose chief duty now was to watch Frida), were called by the terrified Baron, and with one unanimous rush replied; so that the daughter of the house left it without notice, and before any glances was out of sight, in the rough ground where the deer were feeding, and the umber oak-leaves hung.

It was the dainty time when first the year begins to have a little hope of meaning kindly—when in the quiet places often, free from any haste of wind, or hinderances of pattering thaw, small and unimportant flowers have a little knack of dreaming that the world expects them. Therefore neither do they wait for leaves to introduce them, nor much weather to encourage, but in shelly corners come, in a day, or in a night—no man knows quite which it is; and there they are, as if by magic, asking, "Am I welcome?" And if anybody sees them, he is sure to answer "Yes."

Frida, in the sheltered corners and the sunny nooks of rock, saw a few of these little things delicately trespassing upon the petulance of spring. Also, though her troubles wrapped her with an icy mantle, softer breath of Nature came, and sighed for her to listen to it, and to make the best of all that is not past the sighing. More than once she stopped to listen, in the hush of the timid south wind creeping through the dishevelled wood; and once, but only once, she was glad, to see her first primrose and last, and stooped to pluck, but, on second thoughts, left it to outblossom her.

So, past many a briared rock, and dingle buff with littered fern, green holly copse where lurked the woodcock, and arcades of zigzag oak, Frida kept her bridal robe from spot, or rent, or blemish. Passing all these little pleadings of the life she had always loved, at last she turned the craggy corner into the ledge of the windy cliff.

Now below her there was nothing but repose from shallow thought; rest from all the little troubles she had made so much of; deep eternal satisfaction in the arms of something vast. But all the same, she did not feel quite ready for the great jump yet.

The tide was in, and she must wait at least until it began to turn, otherwise her white satin velvet would have all its pile set wrong, if ever anybody found her. There could be no worse luck than that for any bride on her wedding-day; therefore up the rock-walk Frida kept very close to the landward side.

All this way she thought of pretty little things said to her in the early days of love. Many things that made her smile because they had gone so otherwise, and one or two that would have fetched her tears, if she had any. Filled with vain remembrance thus, and counting up the many presents sent to her for this occasion, but remaining safe at home, Frida came to the little coving bower just inside the Point, where she could go no further. Here she had received the pledges, and the plight, and honour; and here her light head led her on to look for something faithful.

"When the tide turns I shall know it. If he does not come by that time, there will be no more to do. It will be too late for weddings, for the tide turns at twelve o'clock. How calm and peaceful is the sea! How happy are the sea-gulls, and how true to one another!"

She stood where, if she had cared for life, it would have been certain death to stand, so giddy was the height, and the rock beneath her feet so slippery. The craggy headland, "Duty Point," well known to every navigator of that rock-bound coast, commands the channel for many a league, facing eastward the Castle Rock and Countisbury Foreland, and westward Highveer Point, across the secluded cove of Leymouth. With one sheer fall of a hundred fathoms the stern cliff meets the baffled sea—or met it then, but now the level of the tide is lowering. Air and sea were still and quiet; the murmur of the multitudinous wavelets could not climb the cliff; but loops and curves of snowy braiding on the dark grey water showed the set of tide and shift of current in and out the buried rocks.

Standing in the void of fear, and gazing into the deep of death, Frida loved the pair of sea-gulls hovering half-way between her and the soft grey sea. These good birds had found a place well suited for their nesting, and sweetly screamed to one another that it was a contract. Frida watched how proud they were, and how they kept their strong wings sailing and their grey backs flat and quivering, while with buoyant bosom each made circles round the other.

As she watched, she saw the turning of the tide below them. The streaky bends of curdled water, lately true as fairy-rings, stopped and wavered, and drew inward on their flowing curves, and outward on the side towards the ebb. Then the south wind brought the distant toll of her father's turret-clock, striking noon with slow deliberation and dead certainty.

Frida made one little turn towards her bower behind the cliff, where the many sweet words spoken drew her to this last of hope. All was silent. There was no one. Now was the time to go home at last.

Suddenly she felt a heavy drag upon her velvet skirt. Ancient Lear had escaped from all the chain she had put on him, and, more trusty than mankind, was come to keep his faith with her.

"You fine old dog, it is too late! The clock has struck. The tide has turned. There is no one left to care for me; and I have ruined everyone. Good-bye, you only true one!"

Submissive as he always was, the ancient dog lay down when touched, and drew his grizzled eyelids meekly over his dim and sunken eyes. Before he lifted them again Frida was below the sea-gulls, and beneath the waves they lished.

Lear, with a puzzled sniff, arose and shook his head, and peered, with his old eyes full of wistful wonder, down the fearful precipice. Seeing something, he made his mind up, gave one long re-echoed howl, then tossed his mane, like a tawny wave, and followed down the death-leap.

Neither body was ever found; and the whole of this might not have been known so clearly as it is known, unless it had happened that Mother Eyebright, growing uneasy, came round the corner just in time to be too late. She, like a sensible woman, never dreamed of jumping after them, but ran home so fast that she could not walk to church for three months afterwards; and when her breath came back was enabled to tell tenfold of all she had seen.

One of the strangest things in life is the way in which we mortals take the great and fatal blows of life.

For instance, the Baron was suddenly told, while waiting for Frida to sit beside him, at his one o'clock dinner,

"Piaize, my Lord, your Lordship's darter hath a been and jumped off Duty Point."

"What an undutiful thing to do!" was the first thing Lord de Wichehalse said; and those who knew no better thought that this was how he took it.

Aubyn Aubrey, however, found a different measure of a broken-hearted father's strength. For the Baron buckled on the armour of a century ago, which had served his grandsire through hard blows in foreign battles, and, with a few of his trusty servants, rode to join the Parliament. It happened so that he could not make redress of his ruined life until the middle of the summer. Then, at last, his chance came to him, and he did not waste it. Viscount Aubrey, who had so often slipped away and laughed at him, was brought to bay beneath a tree in the famous fight of Lansdowne.

The young man offered to hold parley, but the old man had no words. His snowy hair and rugged forehead, hard-set mouth and lifted arm, were enough to show his meaning. The gallant, being so skilled of fence, thought to play with this old man as he had played with his daughter; but the Gueldres axe cleft his curly head, and spilt what little brain it takes to fool a trusting child.

So, in early life, deceiver and deceived were quit of harm; and may ere now have both found out whether it is wiser to inflict or suffer injury.

"THE TIRED ATTENDANT."

This picture, by Mr. F. Huard, carries us back to the romantic days of the fifteenth century. The scene is the dining-hall of some old baronial castle. There has been feast and revelry in the hall—feast and revelry which began probably at noon, the old dinner hour—and has been continued till night, perhaps far on into night, for we know not how long that "tired attendant" has been napping. By the inquiring look of the faithful, sagacious hound, and by the few faint embers on the hearth, which, in their expiring flicker, make the old hall frown so desolately, and the fire-dogs' grin doubly grotesque, we should say that the poor page has been long sleeping the sleep of exhaustion. During all those hours he has been dancing attendance on his mistress; during all those hours he has been singing, to enliven the carousing company, ditties of love and war and wine, and twanging accompaniments thereto; we see his lute and illuminated music-books lying by his side. It was not an altogether pleasant time—those old "romantic days"—for any attendant; the suit and service would not have suited our modern helps, only they would not have dared to give notice. The poor page, though of gentle degree, probably fared little better than the low-born menial or varlet, whatever poets may say to the contrary; and even the sons and daughters of Baron bold and "proude ladye" were submitted to indignities which, in these degenerate days, no pater or mater familias would dream of or dare to inflict.

"GREYFRIARS BOBBY."

The inhabitants of Edinburgh are well acquainted with the story of this faithful dog, which attended its master's funeral, and continued four years afterwards to be a constant mourner at his grave in Greyfriars churchyard. Lady Burdett-Coutts, the benevolent patroness of the Society for the Protection of Animals, has erected a monumental fountain in memory of "Greyfriars Bobby," at the corner of George IV. Bridge and Candlemaker-row. The structure is 7 ft. in height; its material is a beautiful red granite from Westmorland. The base consists of an octagonal basin 3 ft. in diameter, which, being raised only a few inches above the ground, affords a drinking-place for dogs. From its centre rises a cylindrical column of polished granite, 2 ft. high and 20 in. in diameter, terminating in a moulding on which rests the principal basin of the fountain. This is circular, modelled after a classic vase, its diameter is between 3 ft. and 4 ft. A second column, 18 in. high and 12 in. in diameter, rises out of the upper basin, and supports a bronze sitting figure of Bobby, the faithful dog. On the lower column is a bronze plate recording the facts of the dog's history. The upper column displays, also in bronze, the arms of Baroness Burdett-Coutts, and those of the city of Edinburgh, with suitable inscriptions. Mr. Brodie is the sculptor of this work. Our illustration is from a photograph by Mr. P. Lothian, of George-street, Edinburgh.

THE LATE MR. PARRIS.

We noticed last week the death of Mr. E. T. Parris, historical painter to her late Majesty the Queen Dowager, at the advanced age of eighty-two. He was esteemed by contemporary artists and by his private friends both as a most amiable man and a highly-gifted artist. His labours extended over more than half a century, and were of an extremely varied character. His best known works may be mentioned his celebrated picture of the coronation of her Majesty the Queen, which was painted and engraved for the late Sir Francis Moon, Bart. For this picture her Majesty favoured Mr. Parris with sittings. He also re-painted and restored Sir James Thornhill's paintings in the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral. The flying scaffold and other mechanical arrangements for this dangerous work were designed and constructed by Mr. Parris himself. An illustration showing Mr. Parris on the scaffold engaged in his work appeared in the *Illustrated London News* of December 21, 1853. There were three platforms, one above another, supported by horizontal poles resting at one end upon the cornice, and suspended at the other by wire ropes from the cupola, at the height of 160 feet. His panorama of London, at the Colosseum, Regent's Park, which was, we believe, the largest picture ever painted on canvas, was a marvellous work for effect and accuracy. It has given delight to thousands in London; but it was lately purchased and taken to New York for exhibition in a building erected there on purpose to receive it. His smaller works are to be found in numberless collections. Even those executed within the last year of his life prove that old age could not yet rob the artist's hand of its skill, but that his powers were rather matured than impaired.

The portrait is engraved from a photograph by Messrs. James Russell and Sons, of Chichester.

A meeting of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution was held on Thursday week, when rewards amounting to £218 were voted to the crews of various life-boats of the institution for services rendered during recent storms. Various rewards were likewise granted to the crews of shore-boats for saving life from wrecks on our coasts, and payments to the amount of £1300 were ordered to be made on different life-boat establishments. Several contributions to the institution were announced, including £700 from a lady to defray the cost of a life-boat station.



"EQUO NE CREDITE TEUCRI," BY BRITON RIVIBRE.
IN THE EXHIBITION AT THE DUDLEY GALLERY.

THE WAR ON THE GOLD COAST.



ASHANTEE MESSENGERS OF PEACE.

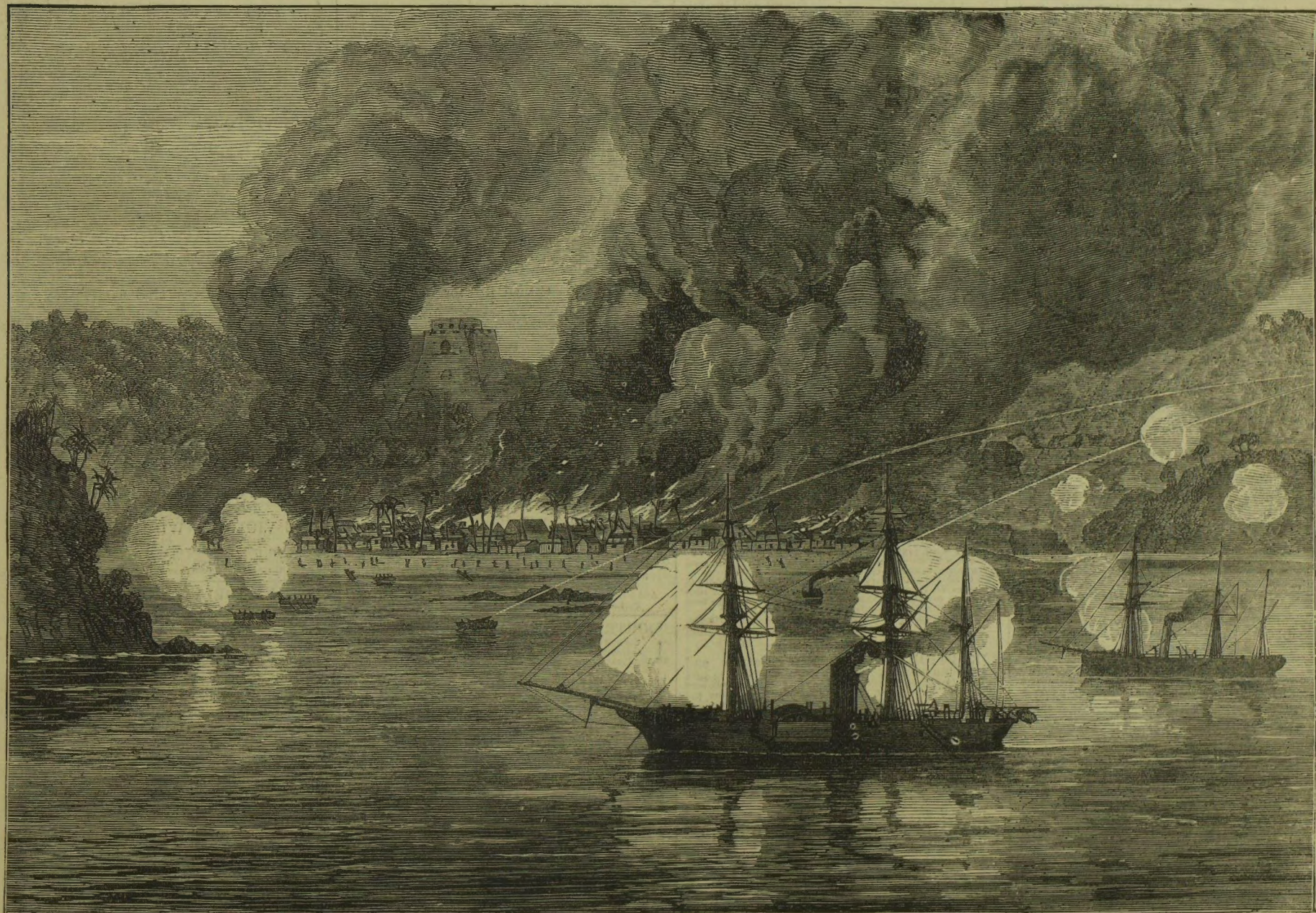


WOMEN OF ANNAMABOE COOKING.

Our Extra Supplements for the last two weeks have been filled with a descriptive and historical account of Ashantee and the British settlements in West Africa, and of the transactions which led to the present war. Views of Cape Coast Castle, Elmina, Accra, and other places on the coast, with illustrations of native character, dress, and manners, have been furnished by many of our correspondents who had resided or travelled in that country. We have also been greatly obliged since the first outbreak of hostilities at Midsummer, by the useful voluntary contributions, from naval and military officers there, of sketches representing the actions which have taken place under their personal observation. Our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, who left this country by the African mail steam-ship Volta, from Liverpool, on the 6th ult., has before this time landed on the Gold Coast, and we expect shortly to receive from him a constant supply of sketches, expressly designed for this

Journal, which will form a complete series of Illustrations. In the mean time we are indebted again to a distinguished officer of her Majesty's naval service for the Illustration now engraved of the bombardment and burning of Bootry, on Oct. 28. Bootry, three miles east of Dix Cove, was chastised by Commander Percy Luxmoore, aided by Lieutenants John Hext and Young, with the boats of H.M.S. Argus, sloop, and H.M.S. Decoy, gun-boat, and with a force of small-arm men and marines, a shore rocket party, a few negro soldiers of the 2nd West India Regiment, under Lieutenant Wilkins, and some negro policemen, under Captain Thompson. Bootry was the chief village of a district under the influence of the Ashantees, and has given much annoyance to the loyal people of Dix Cove. Beginning at six in the morning, with a heavy fire of shell from the ships at 800 yards' distance, Commander Luxmoore took in his boats to shore, where a party, under Lieutenants Hext

and Young, landed, and set fire to the "town," covered by Captain Thompson with the police and marines. A continual fire was meanwhile kept up from the rocket-boats and guns, to prevent the enemy gathering in the bush, the Decoy at the same time firing up the river, where most of them had gone. None of our side were even wounded. In the sketch here engraved we see the burning "town" or village; the old abandoned British fort appears in the centre. On the left are the paddle-box boats of the Argus firing into the dense bush; and to the right the ships and rocket-boats are firing up the river and into the bush. The entrance to the river is over the right-hand rocket-boat. The men on the beach are the covering party of small-arm men. It had been arranged with the loyal native chief or "king" of Dix Cove that he would march on Bootry by land, but when the ships moved off he was attacked by overwhelming numbers, and had to retreat to Dix Cove.



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NINE LARGE SHOW-ROOMS.
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Well-selected Articles sent into
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STATIONERY CABINETS, fitted
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ENVELOPE-CASES and Blotter,
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REAL BRONZE INKSTANDS.
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FANS, exquisitely painted.
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INDOOR GAMES of all kinds.
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TOOL-CHests, SKATES.
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5000 Other NIO-NACS suitable for
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PARKINS and GOTTO'S,

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WHO is Mrs. WINSLOW?—As this

question is frequently asked, we shall simply say that she is a lady who for upwards of thirty years has untiringly devoted her time and talents as a female physician and nurse, principally among children. She has especially studied the constitution and wants of this numerous class, and as a result of this effort and practical knowledge obtained in a lifetime spent as nurse and physician, she has compounded a Soothing Syrup for Children. It operates like magic, giving rest and health, and is, moreover, sure to regulate the bowels. In consequence of this article, Mrs. Winslow is becoming world-renowned as a benefactor of her race. Children certainly do rise up and bless her. Especially is this the case in this city. Vast quantities of the Soothing Syrup are daily sold and used here. We think Mrs. Winslow has immortalised her name by this invaluable article, and we sincerely believe thousands of children have been saved from an early grave by its timely use, and that millions yet unborn will share its benefits and unite in calling her blessed. No mother has discharged her duty to her suffering little one, in our opinion, until she has given it the benefit of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. Try it, mothers; try it now.—Ladies' Visitor, New York City.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP,

for Children.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP.

Pleasant to Take.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

is Perfectly Safe.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

Soothes the Child.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

Gives Rest to the Child.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

Gives Rest to the Mother.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP.

Sold by all Chemists.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you broken

in your rest by a sick child, suffering with the pain of cutting teeth? Go at once to a Chemist and get a bottle of Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor sufferer immediately; it is perfectly harmless; it produces a natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes "as bright as a button." It has long been in use in America, and is highly recommended by medical men; it is very pleasant to take; it soothes the child, it softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for dysentery and diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, and see that "Carris and Perkins, New York and London," is on the outside wrapper. No mother should be without it. Sold by all Medicine-Dealers, at 1s. 11d.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

Cures Dysentery.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

Cures Diarrhoea.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

Cures Wind Colic.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

Relieves all Pain.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

Softens the Gums.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

Regulates the Bowels.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP.

No Mother should be without it.

A DOWN-TOWN MERCHANT having

passed several sleepless nights, disturbed by the agonies and cries of a suffering child, and becoming convinced that Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP was just the article needed, procured a supply for the child. On reaching home and acquainting his wife with what he had done, she refused to have it administered to the child, as she was strongly in favour of homeopathy. That night the child passed in suffering, and the parents without sleep. Returning home the day following, the father found the baby still worse; and, while contemplating another sleepless night, the mother stopped from the room to attend to some domestic duties, and left the father with the child. During her absence, he administered a portion of the Soothing Syrup to the baby, and said nothing. That night all hands slept well, and the little fellow awoke in the morning bright and happy. The mother was delighted with the sudden and wonderful change; and, although at first offended at the deception practised upon her, has continued to use the Syrup; and suffering, crying babies and restless nights have disappeared. A single trial of the Syrup never yet failed to relieve the baby and overcome the prejudices of the mother.—New York Sun.

VALUABLE DISCOVERY for the HAIR.

If your hair is turning grey or white, or falling off, use THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER. For it will positively restore, in every case, grey or white hair to its original colour, without leaving the disagreeable smell of most "Restorers." It makes the hair charmingly beautiful, as well as promoting the growth of the hair on bald spots, where the glands are not decayed. Certificates from Dr. Versmann on every bottle, with full particulars.

This preparation has never been known to fail in restoring the hair to its natural colour and gloss in from eight to twelve days. It protects growth, and prevents the hair falling out, eradicating dandrif, and leaving the scalp in a clean, healthy condition. It imparts peculiar vitality to the roots of the hair, restoring it to its youthful freshness and vigour. Daily applications of this preparation for a week or two will surely restore faded, grey, or white hair to its natural colour and richness.

It is not a dye, nor does it contain any colouring matter or offensive substance whatever. Hence it does not soil the hands, the scalp, or even white linen, but procures the colour within the substance of the hair.

It may be had of any respectable Chemist, Perfumer, or Dealer in Toilet Articles in the Kingdom, at 3s. 6d. per bottle. In case the dealer has not "The Mexican Hair Renewer" in stock and will not procure it for you, it will be sent direct by rail, carriage paid, on receipt of 4s. in stamps, to any part of England.—Prepared by HENRY C. GALLUP, 493, Oxford-street, London.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER

Enlivens the Scalp.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER

Prevents Dandrif.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER

Restores the Colour of the Hair.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER

Prevents Hair from Falling.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER

Prevents Hair from Falling Out.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER

will Cause Luxuriant Growth.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER

for Renewing the Hair.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER

Causes Luxuriant Growth.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER.

Sold by most Chemists, Perfumers, and Hairdressers in Great Britain.

THE words THE MEXICAN HAIR

RENEWER is a Trade Mark; and the public will please see the words are not "The Mexican Hair Renewer" in stock and will not procure it for you, it will be sent direct by rail, carriage paid, on receipt of 4s. in stamps, to any part of England.—Prepared by HENRY C. GALLUP, 493, Oxford-street, London.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER

has gained for itself the highest reputation, and a decided preference over all other "hair-dressings," as evinced from certificates and testimonials from the most respectable sources. Being compounded with the greatest care—combining, as it does, all the most desirable qualities of the best hair preparations of the day, without the objectionable ones—it may be relied on as the very best known to chemistry for restoring the natural color to the hair, and causing new hair to grow on bald spots, unless the hair glands are decayed; for if the glands are decayed and gone no stimulant can restore them; but if, as is often the case, the glands are only torpid, THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER will renew their vitality, and a new growth of hair will follow. Read the following Testimonial from Dr. Versmann, Ph.D.:

"Dear Sir,—I have made a thorough chemical analysis of your preparation called 'The Mexican Hair Renewer,' and think it far superior to any hair preparation I have ever known. It is an ingenious compound, as harmless as air is beneficial."

(Signed) "FRED. VERSMANN."
THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER may be procured of any first-class Perfumer, Chemist, or Dealer in Toilet Articles throughout the Kingdom, at 3s. 6d. per Bottle.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER.

Ask your Chemist for it.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES are

prepared from a highly-esteemed recipe for alleviating Bronchial Affections, Asthma, Hoarseness, Coughs, Colds, and Irritation or Soreness of the Throat.

Public Speakers and Vocalists will find them beneficial in clearing the voice before speaking or singing, and relieving the throat after any unusual exertion of the vocal organs, having a peculiar adaptation to affections which disturb the organs of speech. Few are aware of the importance of checking a cough or "slight cold" in its first stages. That which in the beginning would yield to a mild remedy, if neglected soon attacks the lungs. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" are a most valuable article when coughs, colds, bronchitis, influenza, hoarseness, and sore throat are prevalent. The Troches give sure and almost immediate relief.

A Branch House is opened in London for the sale of "Brown's Bronchial Troches," which have been so long justly celebrated throughout the United States and British Provinces. Their value has been proved by an experience of many years, and they are highly recommended and prescribed by medical men and others of eminence. Price 1s. 11d. per box.

JOHN I. BROWN and SONS, Proprietors, Boston, Massachusetts, U.S.A.
Sold by most Chemists and Medicine-Dealers in the United States, British Provinces, and Great Britain.
LONDON DEPOT, 493, OXFORD-STREET.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

CURE COUGHS.

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BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES,

FOR CONSUMPTION.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.

PRICE ONLY 1s. 11d. PER BOX.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

RELIEVE ASTHMA.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

ARE HEALING TO THE LUNGS.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES,

FOR CATARRH.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES,

FOR SORE THROAT.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.

CHLERYMAN'S SORE THROAT.

A chronic inflammation of the mucous glands connected with the membranes which line the throat and windpipe, the approach of which is often so insidious as scarcely to attract notice—an increase of mucus, and a sense of weariness and loss of power in the throat after public speaking or singing. It arises from cold or any unusual exertion of the voice. These incipient symptoms are allayed by using "Brown's Bronchial Troches," while, if neglected, an entire loss of voice is often experienced. Please read the following testimonial from the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher:—

"Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 15, 1853.
"Messrs. JOHN I. BROWN and SONS.—GENTLEMEN,—It is nearly five years ago that I accidentally entered your store and inquired for some relief from hoarseness. The 'Troches' which you gave me entirely answered the purpose which I had in view. Since then, in all my lecturing tours, I put a handful of Troches into my carpet-bag as regularly as I do lectures or linen, and I have never changed my mind respecting them from the first, except to think yet better of that which I began thinking well of. I have also commended them to friends who were public speakers. In many instances they have proved extremely serviceable. I do not hesitate to say that, in so far as I have had an opportunity of comparison, your 'Troches' are pre-eminently the best, and the first of the great lozenge school."

"I am, very truly yours,
"H. W. BEECHER."

The genuine have the words "Brown's Bronchial Troches" on the Government stamp around each box. Sold by all Medicine Vendors.

LONDON DEPOT, 493, OXFORD-STREET.

WHY DO OUR TEETH DECAY? Who

has ever travelled among the Indians of North America that has not been struck with the superior whiteness and soundness of the Indian's teeth? Many have wondered how those dusky savages could preserve such a full row of ivory, even to the greatest age, while premature decay of the teeth was the rule with the whites. What once was a mystery is no longer one. The extracts from plants which the Indians have for ages chewed have been concentrated into a liquid called FRAGRANT FLORILINE; a few drops of which on a wet tooth-brush causes a sort of foam in the mouth, which penetrates every crevice, and cleanses the teeth from all impurities, hardens the gums, and prevents tartar. The "Fragrant Floriline" should be used in all cases of bad breath, and particularly by gentlemen after smoking. The Floriline combines, in a concentrated form, the most desirable cleansing and astringent properties. At the same time it contains nothing which can possibly injure the most sensitive and delicate organisation.

It beautifies the teeth and gums.

It arrests the decay of the teeth.

It acts as a detergent after smoking.

It renders the gums hard and healthy.

It neutralises the offensive secretions of the mouth.

It imparts to the breath a fragrance purely aromatic and pleasant.

Put up in large bottles (only one size) and in elegant toilet cases complete at 2s. 6d. Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers.

Prepared only by HENRY C. GALLUP, 493, Oxford-street, London.

FLORILINE.—For the TEETH and

BREATH.

Sweet as the ambrosial air,
With its perfume rich and rare;
Sweet as violets at the morn,
Which the emerald nooks adorn;
Sweet as the morning dew,
Which cast their sweetness from each spray
Is the "FRAGRANT FLORILINE."

The teeth it makes a pearly white
So pure and lovely to the sight;
The gums assume a rosy hue,
The breath is sweet as violets blue;
While scented as the flowers of May,
Which cast their sweetness from each spray
Is the "FRAGRANT FLORILINE."

Such is the "FRAGRANT FLORILINE."

Sure some fairy with its hand
Cast around its mystic wand,
And produced from fairy's bower
Scented perfumes from each flower.
For in this liquid gem we trace—
All that can beauty add and grace—
Such is the "FRAGRANT FLORILINE."

Such is the "FRAGRANT FLORILINE."